The

1902 Virginian

Carrie Sutherlin,

Brooklyn,

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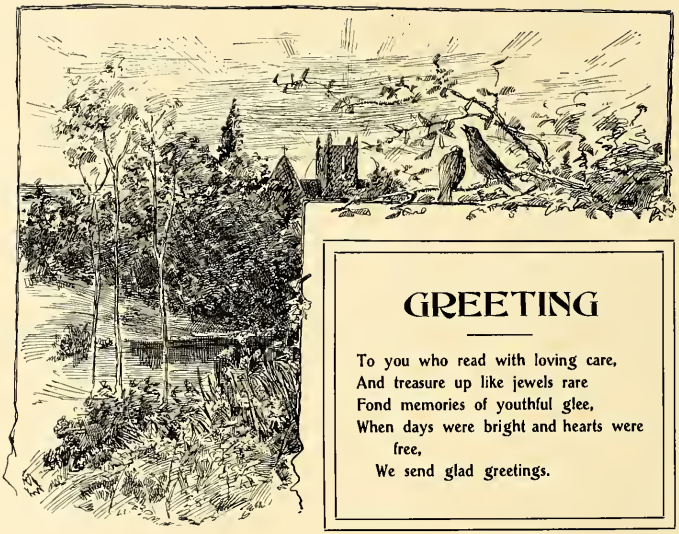
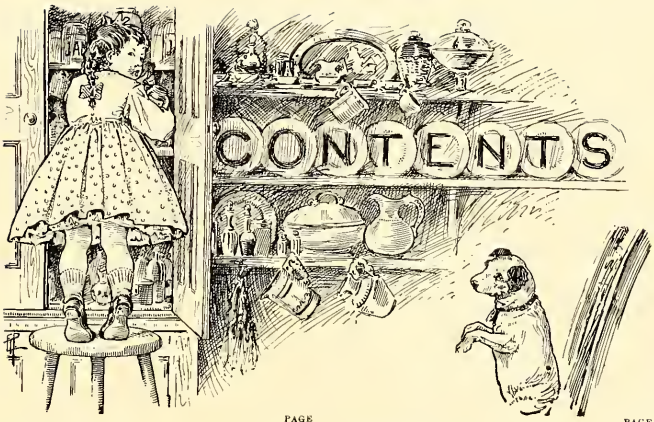
STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.



GREETING

To you who read with loving care,
And treasure up like jewels rare
Fond memories of youthful glee,
When days were bright and hearts were free,
We send glad greetings.



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DEDICATION

TO OUR PRESIDENT

MR. J. L. JARMAN

AS A TOKEN OF

OUR ADMIRATION AND ESTEEM

PROF. J. L. JARMAN

President Joseph L. Jarman

PROFESSOR Joseph L. Jarman, recently elected President of the "Virginia State Normal" at Farmville, is descended from two of the oldest families of Virginia—the Jarmans and Lindsays. His father was William Daniel Jarman of Albemarle County, and his mother Catherine Goodloe Lindsay. On his mother's side he is related to W. A. Harris, who for many years was President of the Wesleyan Female College at Staunton, Virginia.

Professor Jarman, who is thirty-four years of age, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, and was educated at the Miller School in Albemarle, and at the University of Virginia. At the Miller School he prosecuted his studies with such marked success that on graduation, although very young, he was elected to a professorship in the school. At the University he pursued special courses in natural science, in which he graduated with distinction. After leaving the University he filled for twelve years the chair of Natural Science at Emory and Henry College—one of the oldest of Southern institutions—in which position he was serving when called to the presidency of the "State Normal." By his enthusiasm, diligence and thoroughness at Emory and Henry College he easily brought his department to the front, and by his strong and helpful personality, as well as by his conscientious and tactful discharge of duties, he endeared himself to both Faculty and students. His good comradeship, wide sympathies and faith in his fellow man rarely fail to make friends.

By nature and equipment Professor Jarman is a true educator, but he is extensively known and highly appreciated in south-west Virginia outside of educational circles. To his scholarship and rare executive ability he adds a wide and active interest in public affairs which makes his influence felt in his community, his state and his church. He is a consecrated Christian layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and is a delegate-elect to the general conference of this denomination soon to convene in Dallas, Texas.

The family of Professor Jarman is a most attractive one. His wife is descended from the family of Massachusetts Emersons of which the celebrated Ralph Waldo Emerson was a member, and is a daughter of the late Rev. E. E. Wiley, D. D., who was for many years the President of Emory and Henry College, and one of the foremost men of his church. Mrs. Jarman's culture and pleasing social qualities have made her very popular at Emory, and will render her a most valuable acquisition to the social and church life of Farmville. The people of south-west Virginia deeply regret the departure of this family from among them, but realize that in his new work Professor Jarman has a broader field of usefulness, and can more effectively stamp the impress of his progressive spirit on the educational life of his State.

1901-1902

Session 1901-02 began Wed., Sept. 18.
Thanksgiving Holiday..Thurs., Nov. 27
Examinations First Term began Jan. 21
Delivery of Diplomas .....Jan. 26
Class Exercises.....Jan. 26
Second Term began.....Jan. 29
Easter Holiday.....March 31
Exams. Second Term begin May 26
Closing Exercises of Second Term.....June 4

IN editing THE VIRGINIAN this year we have had more trials than usual, for we were late beginning the work. We hope, however, our book will be of interest to its readers, and we shall be more than satisfied if they get from it pleasure proportionate to the work the editors have put into it.

We owe thanks to many friends who have given us most valuable help and encouragement. First, we thank our President, Mr. J. L. Jarman, to whose earnest support this issue of THE VIRGINIAN is largely due. We are especially grateful, also, to Dr. B. W. Arnold, Jr., for so kindly relieving us of much responsibility and work by reviewing and preparing the material for print. He has forgotten himself in his endeavor to serve THE VIRGINIAN.

Among others, we wish to thank the following friends for articles, suggestions and illustrations:

Mrs. Morrison, Miss Andrews, Miss Woodruff, Miss Coulling, Miss Loulie Morton, E. A. Pilsworth and T. A. Hollins, Richmond, Va.; Prof. F. L. Bruce, Emory, Va., and Mr. C. H. Buchanan, Loudoun, Va.

E. S. C.

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L. I. Peabody Normal College, Nashville, Tenn., 1889; Principal Hamilton Grammar School, Houston, Texas, 1891-3; B. S. Harvard University, 1896; Scholar, Clark University, 1896-7; Fellow, Clark University, 1897-8; Ph. D., Clark University, 1899; Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy State Normal School of Minnesota, 1899-1900.

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A. M., Randolph-Macon College, 1893; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1897; Post Graduate Student Johns Hopkins University in History and Sociology, 1898; Professor in Emory College, Ga., 1899-1900.

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Graduate of Normal School, Indiana, Pa., 1884; graduate of Oswego Normal School, 1887.

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Graduate of Richmond Female Seminary, 1877; Student, Radcliffe College, 1887-9; Instructor in Mathematics in Mt. Holyoke College, 1889-93.

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Graduate of Farmville College, 1883; Teacher in Farmville High School, 1885-94.

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Graduate of State Normal School, Farmville, Va., 1889; B. S. of Cornell University, 1900; studied under Dr. Mallet at University of Virginia.

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Graduate in Modern Languages and Mathematics, Randolph-Macon College, 1895; Teacher in Wesleyan Female Institute, Staunton, Va.; Diploma of L'Alliance Francaise, Paris, 1899.

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Graduate of Lafayette College, Ala., 1890; L. I. of Peabody Normal College, Nashville, 1892; Teacher in Lafayette College, 1892-1894; Teacher in Peabody Normal College, 1894-96.

MARTHA W. COULLING, *Drawing and Form and Reading and Spelling.*

Graduate of Richmond High School, 1885; L. I. of Peabody Normal College, 1887; Student in Teachers' College, New York, 1895-96.

E. EDITH CHEATHAM, A. M., *Assistant in Mathematics.*

A. M. of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va., 1896; Teacher of Mathematics in Randolph-Macon Woman's College, 1896-8; Student in University of Chicago, Specializing in Mathematics, 1899-1900.

MARY ST. CLAIR WOODRUFF, B. L., *Asst. in Training School.*

L. I. of Peabody Normal College, 1894; B. L. of University of Nashville, 1895; Teacher in Alabama Central Female College, Tuskaloosa, Ala., 1896-7; Presiding Teacher in Anniston College, Anniston, Ala., 1897-1900.

FANNIE LEARNED COIT, *Director of Gymnasium.*

Graduate of Young Ladies' High School, 1891, New London, Conn.; Anderson Normal School of Gymnastics, 1900, New Haven, Conn.; Supervisor of Physical Culture in Public Schools of Westerly, Rhode Island, 1899-1900.

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MRS. P. F. THACKSTON .....Assistant
MISS GENEVIEVE HAYNES.....Housekeeper
MR. B. M. COX..... .....Steward
DR. PETER WINSTON .....Attending Physician

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT

Alumnae Association

PRESIDENT ..... MAUDE E. GRAY
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... MARY P. BERKLEY
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ..... RUBY L. VENABLE

OUR Alumnæ Association was organized June 23, 1887. Since that time it has met bi-annually, and has usually added a banquet to the Commencement festivities, entertaining the "Board," Faculty, and the graduating class.

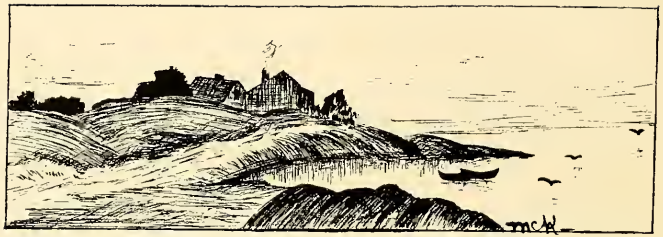
The two great aims of the Association are to promote social intercourse among its members, and to further the interests of its Alma Mater.

Our last meeting was held in June, 1901, at which meeting it was decided to have yearly dues of fifty cents, and an additional charge of one dollar for the banquet. We greatly desire to publish the minutes of each meeting, and to send a copy to every alumna, but lack of funds has so far prevented this, together with the fact that we know the addresses of comparatively few of the old girls. Each girl is urged to send her address to some one of the officers of the Association.

Our last meeting was varied by the presentation of a Cunningham Memorial Tablet, and an address by Dr. E. H. Harding on "The Life of Dr. Cunningham. This tablet was presented by the Alumnæ of Farmville, and had no connection with the Cunningham Scholarship Fund, the statement for which follows:

Amount desired	$2500.00
Amount promised	443.00
Amount on hand	282.00

This looks rather depressing, but if more interest could be aroused, if each alumna would contribute one dollar a year to this fund, in four years we should have the desired amount. This ought not to tax our purses very heavily, and we should only be doing our duty by the old Normal.



The Story Which the Sea Shell Told Me

WHILE wandering by the sea shore one evening just at the set of the sun, I noticed a tiny pink shell, and was at once seized with a desire to possess it. This was quickly done, and I now noticed its striking beauty, for, as the last rays of the sinking sun fell upon it, it was marvelously lit up and its radiant colors possessed an almost lifelike individuality. Involuntarily I placed it to my ear, for this had always been a favorite pastime of mine, listening to the voices and murmurings of the sea. I could hear the dash of the waves on some distant coast and the sighing of the winds among its trees. A picture of this land rose before me: On a rocky coast stood an old ivy grown castle, its turrets showing above the grove of ancient oaks which surrounded it; a path overhung by numerous vines and boughs wound down among the rocks to a sharp point jutting out into the sea. The whole scene was bathed in a silver flood of moonlight.

While I watched, the tower clock rang out twelve silver strokes upon the clear air; at the same time I noticed a disturbance among the branches far up on the hillside. A feeling of expectancy pervaded the air. Presently the vines hanging just over the jutting rock parted and a woman's figure, at once stately and graceful, stepped out. At her appearance there was a ripple of the water, and gathering around the rock, as suitors at the foot of their queen, a group of mermaids appeared. The woman fell upon her knees, and a silence pulsating with sorrow was all around. The mermaids bowed their lovely heads and covered their faces with their long flowing hair. A sigh escaped the lips of the kneeling figure, and then softly and slowly she began a song which told of love disappointed and a broken heart. At intervals she was joined by her strange choir. At length the song was ended, the singer stepped forward, and, with her troop of followers, disappeared into the sea.

The moon shed its radiance as before, and finally the whole scene faded from my view. A small voice from the recesses of the shell finished the story for me. It told how this lovely woman, having been forsaken by the one she loved, in her hopeless despair threw herself into the sea at this spot, and joined herself to its inhabitants. Ever at the midnight hour she, grieving for the love which never was for her, returns and sings her sad song.

Now people often wonder why I am so attached to a tiny shell which lies upon my desk; but this is because they do not know the strange, sad story which it told to me.

NANNIE H. TURNER.

A Word of Remembrance

AT the close of the first term of this session our loved, trusted, and respected President, Dr. Robert Frazer, severed his connection with our school. Although his place has been taken by one whom, even now, we hold in the highest esteem, yet we cannot forget the genial manner, unselfish spirit, and devoted labors of our first friend. Especially is he missed by the girls who this year give up their school days forever, because it was he, who, in first welcoming them here, extended the greeting of warmth and friendliness so characteristic of him.

Though many may enter, and many leave, the dear old school, there will remain always with those who knew him a remembrance of his tender, fatherly smile, and kind words of encouragement in readiness for all. Wherever he may be, and whatever his lot, may success, satisfaction and joy be his, is the sincere wish of every one of his girls.

NANNIE TURNER.

Class of January, 1902

MOTTO: "Ever Onward."

Officers

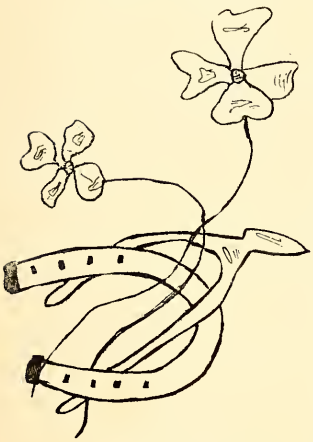
PRESIDENT ..... MARY SPARKS
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ..... HELEN WINSTON
HISTORIAN ..... WILLIE MOORE
PROPHET ..... FRANCES SMITH

Members

RUTH DYER MARY FARTHING CAMMIE JONES
ZILPAH TIGNOR EMMA OWENS

Prophecy of Class of January, '02

THE fame of this classmate of ours will spread far and wide, and add honor to Vassar. Her example will inspire many on the weary road to knowledge. The name Ruth Omega Dyer will be used as a conclusive argument in debate, to prove the equality, if not the superiority, of the feminine mind. We can then say with pride that she was in our class at the dear old Normal. We shall take pleasure in telling about the beautiful lessons she taught in the Training School, and of the crowd of admiring Senior A's always attracted by her successful methods.



All recognize Mary Power Farthing as the most dignified girl in our class, and the one whom we often shock by our frivolity. The ways of the new woman may cause many to wonder; but what would they think of this maiden's desire to be a *New Man?* To show, however, that she still has humanity's interest at heart, she will publish at an early date, an encyclopedia containing those long words which used to startle her less gifted classmates in History of Education.

Cammie, a daughter of the Jonesites, is a maiden of cunning ways and withal of pleasing manner. She has many admirers, but, to her, the peace of mind of the young men of her neighborhood is not worth a last year's bird nest. Each one thinks himself the accepted suitor, but to only one has she demonstrated the problem that M A C = C A M and M A C + C A M may equal one. This solution makes her classmates think that in spite of the pleasure she finds in teaching Nature Study, she will decide that there is something better, and will be the first to forsake her chosen profession.

The Woman's College at Lynchburg will soon add to its corps of competent teachers, Miss Willie Harrison Moore, as Physical Director. But they need not hope to keep her long, for Hymen will call her in a short time, and not in vain.

Emma Owens will accept, in the near future, a position in the Congressional Library at Washington. There she may have an opportunity of using her charms on Mr. Carnegie. Let us hope she will induce him to endow the library of her Alma Mater. We shall expect to hear nothing but success from her, as she is ready to receive Council.

Mary Sparks, the President of our class, has been studying under Miss Coit to become a trained nurse, and expects, when occasion offers, to minister to young soldiers wounded in their country's cause. She will continue this training in the great hospital at Philadelphia, and there will meet a talented physician. He will be completely captivated by her charms and will induce her to spend with him the remainder of her life.

Zilpah Tignor is fond of all sorts of pottery, rookwood, wedgewood and other Japanese wares, but especially of the kind known as Joe Ware. His scalp, however, may soon be numbered with many others taken by this modern Diana, whose quiver is stocked by Cupid only.

If you are looking for an ideal mistress of a kindergarten, our class can supply you. Helen Winston and her dear little white apron cannot be equaled anywhere. She and her beloved Bess would like to spend life in an Old Maid's Paradise, but we think burglars would invade this charming retreat before long.

There is one among our number who has evidently never studied the problem of fatigue, for she has announced her intention of being a Walker through life. She is especially qualified to raise money for Christian Association buildings, and in connection with this has many good ideas in the line of booths, and so forth.

CLASS PROPHET.

CLASS SONG OF JANUARY, 1902

[TUNE—"I Can't Tell Why I Love You, but I Do-oo-oo."]

We walked these halls
Within these walls
For many a weary day;
We talked and sighed,
We tried and tried
To do our best, they say.
"Have we worked in vain?"
We cried in pain.
They answered "No," and sighed,
"But we'd like you to tell
Why you love us so well";
Then we girls through our tears replied:

And now "Good-bye"
We say, and sigh,
"To you we shall be true;
With love most sweet,
With praise most meek,
We bid you all adieu.
On a distant day,
When we're far away,
The story oft we'll tell
Of the teachers here,
Of our friends so dear,
Of the school we loved so well."—CHO.

CHORUS—We can't tell why we love you, but we do-oo-oo,
This world is full of friends the same as you-oo-oo,
But something we can't tell
Seems to hold us in your spell;
We can't tell why we love you, but we do-oo-oo.

Class of June, 1902

COLORS.....GREEN AND WHITE

FLOWERS.....
CARNATION AND MAIDEN'S HAIR FERN

Officers

PRESIDENT.....MARY FRANCES POWERS, Clark Co.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....LUCY HENRY WOOD, Amelia Co.
SEC'Y & TREAS.....JULIA A. SCAGGS, Spottsylvania Co.
HISTORIAN.....CORA LEE COLE, Spottsylvania Co.
PROPHET.....SUSIE WARE WARNER, Essex Co.

Class Roll

LELIA ALICE CHUMBLY.....Pulaski Co.
ETHEL STUART COLE.....Spottsylvania Co.
MAMIE ELLA CLARK.....Amelia Co.
JENNIE E. BRACEY.....Prince Edward Co
GEORGIA MILES BRYAN.....James City Co.
HELEN HEPHBURN BLACKISTON.....Elizabeth City Co.
ROSE LEE DEXTER.....Elizabeth City Co.
CARRIE STURDIVANT GOODE.....Mecklenburg Co.
ORA HARRIS.....Prince Edward Co.
EVA CLARINE HALL.....Norfolk Co.
ELIZABETH KATHALEEN HALL.....Pulaski Co.
CARRIE VIRGINIA HIX.....Appomattox Co.
ANNIE LAURA KINZER.....Warren Co.
CLAUDINE LOUISE KIZER.....Roanoke Co.
EMMA LOIS KING.....Fauquier Co.
MARTHA ELLEN MARSH.....Lancaster Co.
SALLIE RIVES MORRIS.....Albemarle Co.
NORA KATE PILSWORTH.....Henrico Co.
KATE ST. CLAIR.....Franklin Co.
KATHERINE THORNTON VAUGHAN.....Prince Edward Co.
MAMIE ANNE WADE.....Prince Edward Co.
S. R. FLORENCE WINFIELD.....Dinwiddie Co.

A WHITE CARNATION

A dainty bud, so sweet, so pure,
So ever modest and demure,
To you we give in admiration
Our choice of flowers—a white carnation.

STATISTICS

—OF—

The Class of June, 1902

Name	Alias	Favorite Expression	Chief Characteristic	Greatest Need	Marriage Prospects
Jennie Bracey	Jinxsa	I am so worried	Timidity	Get up	No one knows
Helen Blackiston	Fatty	I can't possibly do it	Soft voice	Anti-fat	Approaching
Georgia Bryan	Bones	I should snicker	Laughing	Cod Liver Oil	Depends upon the price of lemons
Ethel Cole	Guinea	Wait a minute	Haste	Time	Good
Cora Cole	Wumpy	I am scared to death	Wisdom	Good eyesight	Hopeless
Lelia Chumbly	Chum	Why, I can't	A love of geography	A letter from M.	If she can
Rose Dexter	Ruze	I know	Low front	Singing lessons	Despaired of
Carrie Goode	Calla	Did you ever!	Punctuality	Longer sleeves	Has but one
Lizzie Hall	Baby Hall	Tensy & I will get our papers today	Dignity	To speak more loudly	Improving since Christmas
Eva Hall	Evil	Oh, me!	A wise head on young shoulders	Longer dresses	Too young
Mamie Clark	Chippy	Good morning, Carrie	Short steps	To learn to walk	Hope until 25
Ora Harris	Aurora	Oh, those Training School children!	Accommodation	A beau	Questionable
Carrie Hix	Katty	I thought I would die	Happiness	Hair dye	If Papa says so
Emma King	Baby	'Taint fair	Mimicking	A longer waist	Remarkable
Annie L. Kinzer	Watty	Sure enough?	Neatness	Stop worrying	'Twill not be long
Claudine Kizer	Peggy	Blooming idiot	Speaking poetry	More hair	Fine
Martha Marsh	Pig	Same case here	Gentleness	More rest	Don't mention it
Sallie Morris	Sallie Rives	Fiddlesticks	Golden hair	Stamps	Excellent
Nora Pilsworth	Pilly	Oh, get out	Height	A tonic	Uncertain
Mary Powers	Specks	Oh, pshaw!	Coolness	weight on her head	Can't choose
Julia Scaggs	Jewel	Great smoke!	Spooning	A merry laugh	Spicey
Kate St. Clair	Kitten	Ha, ha, ha!	Petiteness	To grow	Who can tell
Mamie Wade	Fits Pete	Oh, goodness!	Curly Hair	Study of color	Encouraging
Susie Warner	Polly	I guess I must have walked	Tardiness	A timepiece	Ask Dean
Lucy Wood	Luce	Dunno	Grinning	Pins	Can't tell
F. Winfield	Florry	Dear knows!	Seriousness	Conversational powers	On the shelf
K. Vaughan	Kate	The idea!	Flirting	Point to her jokes	Flourishing

History of Class of June, 1902

WHEN I entered the Normal School in September, 1899, there were in my class twenty or thirty girls. Of this number there are only a few whose names now appear on the Senior roll. I shall make no attempt to note all the changes that have occurred in these three years, but shall only try to assign to some of my class-mates the places I think they deserve in the annals of history.

We passed through Second A without distinguishing ourselves, but in the exacting work of Second B several of our gifted members—their dormant talents being awakened—gained for themselves an enviable reputation. Julia Scaggs won undying fame as chemist of the class of 1902, and Jennie Bracey achieved distinction in the translation of Bingham's Cæsar. In logarithms, quadratic equations, and mathematical subjects generally, Ethel Cole's record is worthy of mention. Why, she became so infatuated with this occult science, that even at the midnight hour her tragic voice might be heard expounding its mysteries.

When the Junior year was reached, there came a parting of the ways. Some of us buried ourselves for a time in chemistry experiments, the theories of physics, and the deep problems of trigonometry; while others might be heard declaiming in classic manner, "Infandum, regina, inbec renovare dolorum."

When we reached Senior A, and the work became harder, the intellectual superiority of our class was more evident than ever. The music course proved that Florence Winfield is beyond doubt related to the Nightingale family.

What is happening in the world at large has always been of interest to us, and we were deeply grateful to one of our class-mates for informing us of the removal of Ben Nevis to a position somewhere near the North pole—probably conveyed thither by the anti-trades. Both collectively and individually we fell in love with the great masterpiece—Ray's Higher Arithmetic; but Emma King surpassed us all in her self-sacrificing devotion to the chapter on "Stock Investments." Annie Laura Kinzer's favorite pastime was working Trout problems. In this class was presented for the first time the opportunity of inspiring the learned Senior B's with the proper respect for us—their far wiser, though much contemned school-mates—by justly criticizing their poor methods of teaching in the Training School. How unmoved we were at the sight of their pale faces, as note-books in hand we entered their class rooms!

It was not long, however, before as Senior B's we took their places to experience a teacher's cares and responsibilities. Of course, though, observers did not frighten us: oh, no! and the children were always good, too—especially those of "the four lower grades." These "little people" never talked, but were always "just as still as little mice." Susie Warner will vouch for that.

Our President had the privilege of training the Raphaels and Michael Angelos of future times. Her favorite quotation is one from Ruskin, "A picture frame is a little space of silence."

The Business Manager of the Annual, who taught writing in the first grade, considered the cost of half-tones so important a subject that she frequently set this copy, "Consider the square inches."

On our Senior work the curtain falls. When next you hear from us it will be as platform leaders in the educational movement of the South, advocating improvements in public instruction, and better pay for teachers.

CLASS SONG OF JUNE, 1902

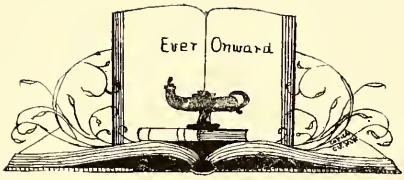
[Tune—"The Last Rose of Summer."]

We have toiled here for years
  That so swiftly have passed;
But our school days have ended,
  We hail now the last.
There were sunshine and shadow,
  Rejoicing and pain;
Now our tasks are completed,
  The victory we gain.

In the years that are coming,
  Our lives will portray
What we learned in our girlhood,
  From the tasks of each day.
We hope that our fancies
  And day-dreams shall last;
We've a smile for the future,
  A sigh for the past.

And when we have left you,
  We'll never forget
The sadness of parting,
  The half-formed regret
That we leave now forever
  Our friends, strong and true,
To go to fresh duties,
  To start life anew.

S. W. Leache.



Prophecy of Class of June, 1902

"For I dipped into the future far as human eye could see."—Tennyson.

LUCY WOOD is our variable star. For several years she will wander from pro'ession to profession, from country to country, always a close observer of people and events, and a careful hoarde, of facts. She will continue her studies in history during these years, making use of her wanderings, and will finally be called to fill the chair of Modern History at Brown University.

I have next to prophesy of dear old MARY POWERS, our class president. Five years hence you will find her in the malarial regions of India, a missionary.

I can see her puzzling over queer Hindoo dialects and racing after dirty little urchins, in order to give them lessons in cleanliness. Her life will be lived for her fellow men.

JULIA SCAGGS, after having successfully lugged a small girl around the campus for the thousandth time, gets her diploma. She will go through life, rustling her silks, sweeping past people with a lordly air, and making spice pies for her future intended.

MAMIE WADE will go abroad to study the fine arts and perfect her own remarkable talent. She will then, by her gracious manners and great knowledge, try to inspire the children of the third and fourth grades with an intense love for drawing.

At length comes the prophecy for our prophet, SUSIE WARNER, but, alas! like the physicians who cannot prescribe for their diseases, she cannot see into her own future.

Let us hope that it will not be a useless one. If the future is determined by ambition and will, it shall not be. This much, however, we can safely prophesy, she will never make a writer!!

CORA COLE will continue her deep, lonely study in Mathematics; she will teach in a great German University, and will spend her spare moments in profound meditations on subjects unfathomable, distances incalculable, space illimitable.

HELEN BLACKISTON will take a course in child-study; after which she will use her pleasant voice and charming manners in teaching in a kindergarten.

After JENNIE BRACEY leaves school she will live in a little cottage, with two elderly ladies, in the land of Apartness. No more waiting and watching behind the door of the "Math" class room; no more lingering down stairs, after study hour has begun and the other girls have gone to their rooms, just to catch the tips of a loved one's fingers; for she lives content in her paradise of love, infolded in the arms of her idols, Miss Patteson and Mrs. Morrison.

In spite of the fact that GEORGIA BRYAN affirms that she intends to be a lemon squeezer in a big hotel, we do not think the world can afford to lose so fine a business woman. While the art of lemon squeezing may require great ability and skill we prophesy for Georgia a successful business career.

LELIA CHUMBLEY will take a special course in gardening at Cornell University and will come back to the Virginia Normal School to assist Miss Reynolds by giving her a recipe by which the size of the clods in the Training School garden may be reduced.

I see MAMIE CLARK rapidly disappearing down the narrow corridor of life, with that peculiar little double-quick step of hers, much after the fashion in which the white rabbit with his glove disappeared down the hall from Alice. Yes, she goes at such speed that in a few years she reaches her Ph. D. at Vassar.

The future discloses next the interior view of a magnificently equipped theatre. On the stage, seated before an upright piano, is ETHEL COLE, with a vast audience before her. As her fingers move rapidly and skillfully over the keys, music indescribable is heard. She is rendering with marvelous effect a masterpiece of her own composition. The audience is spellbound and, held in breathless interest, moves not a muscle until is reached the grand finale; then, unable longer to repress signs of appreciation, the crowded house, from dome to pit, bursts forth in wild applause. As the noise subsides I hear whispered all over the house, "Never Paderewski played like this."

ROSE DEXTER is going to enter a convent in order to reform the priesthood. It will take a girl of her tact and brilliancy to do this.

CARRIE GOODE is going to Texas next year to teach. By the time the session is over her spirits will be so pent up by the long and close confinement to duty, and she will have become so infatuated with cowboy life that, bursting all bonds, she will don her riding habit and a big sombrero hat, and, mounting her wild bronco, will ride before the winds across the plains, till her brow cools, her brain ceases to whirl and her mad spirit of liberty is satisfied. She will return to Virginia and eventually marry.

EVA HALL proposes to be her "mama's little housekeeper," and a neat little house-keeper she will make. We hope that neither her *menu* will be fashioned after that of the Normal School, nor her dishes be too scientific for her mother to eat.

LIZZIE HALL, with her glorious head of hair, though she has had "offers and proffers of marriage," five years hence is still teaching in third and fourth grades. She is especially successful in teaching arithmetic to little boys. Her method is to put her arms around them and to draw them to her lovingly. In this way she gains their attention and they are willing to learn anything.

ORA HARRIS' ideal for her future life, to use her own words, "is to have a partner on life's rough sea." This is not such a disagreeable life to lead provided one's partner does not cause the roughness.

A few years after CARRIE HIX leaves her Alma Mater she will marry a Presbyterian minister. She says "just because her papa wants her to and,—because *he* sends her candy." Our private opinion is that she is truly fond of "Plum"—s—— rather than candy.

I look down the obscure aisle of life and see EMMA KING. Her life has been one continuous triumph: a triumph over success and adversity, a triumph over love and sorrow, a triumph over fate: meeting all in life, whether great joys or deep afflictions, with the same self-denying bravery; traveling along life's way with a character unscathed and spotless, forever loved and forever lovely.

ANNIE LAURA KINZER, a sweet old maid in white cap and apron, surrounded by her pets; her life happy and useful; her home a place of welcome; she, beloved by everyone.

For a few years CLAUDINE KIZER will follow the profession for which she is training, and for which by nature she is adapted, that of teaching in primary grades. After this I can get no mental picture of her future except a cozy little home, a bright open fire, two inmates, one a once primary school teacher, now a house-keeper; the other, ——— a boy long since promoted from the first grade.

MARTHA MARSH, an up-to-date school teacher, performing faithfully her duty in training the young mind.

SALLIE MORRIS.—For her I see a future of glamour and glitter and applause. She intends to be a trained nurse. This profession will not hold her. Eventually she will seek the stage for which her talents fit her. Climbing step by step the scale of opera life she will reach the zenith of her profession and be applauded by the multitudes, proclaimed by the world a *prima donna*.

NORA PILSWORTH'S inclinations and desires prompt her to the diligent *following* of *art.*

After she has left school she will give up this fad and take to the flying rings for which her constitution is so admirably adapted. In the course of a few years she will be directress of a college gymnasium.

KATIE ST. CLAIR thinks she is going to be an old maid school teacher of music with a high cracked voice. To teach music is quite an art, and to be an old maid to the satisfaction of every one is most difficult. To her calling we all aspire, but alas! to attain it is almost impossible, for girls are so besieged by ———

To return to my subject. Katie will never have perseverance enough to be an old maid. I predict a different future for her, a great future; for she has the ability and talent to attain to whatever she aspires.

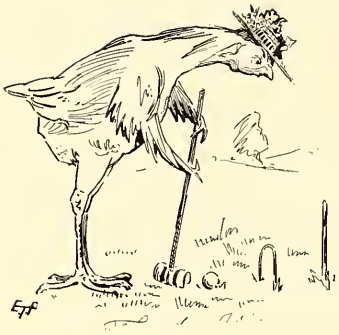
As the veil of the future is lifted again I recognize KATHERINE VAUGHAN, an old classmate of 1902. She is dressed in a nurse's costume and bends low over a wan-faced fever patient. Lifting his head, she gives him a cooling drink, and receives in return his glance of intense gratitude. The forms fade away, the scenes shift; I hear the merry chimes of marriage bells, and Katherine and her patient are advancing to the altar. The flush of health and pride and strength is now on his cheek, and she is his "to have and to hold," and so forth.

The veil will not lift when I try to look into the future of FLORENCE WINFIELD, neither can I learn anything from the stars. Psychology helps me not at all, for, on account of her seclusiveness, I can learn nothing of the fates that attend her. I will venture this, though, she will make a geographer and will circle the earth to know it; because her desire for knowledge is insatiable.

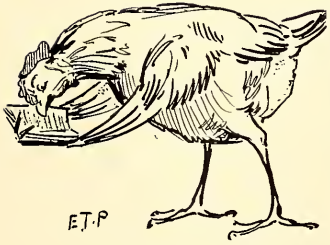
They say we're "off the carpet." Oh! well, it may be true;
We're not as fair as when we stood "five-six" at twenty-two;
We know we're getting bent and old, our hair is turning grey;
But, oh, it's hard to hear it said, "This old maid's had her day."

C. L. K.

FIRST YEAR

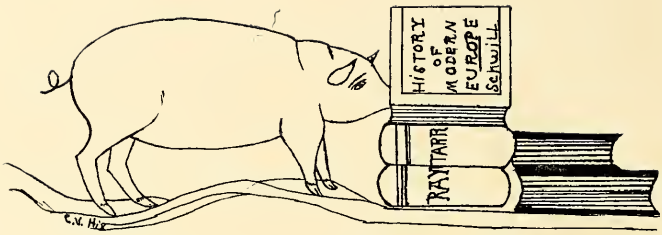


SECOND YEAR



THIRD YEAR

SENIOR YEAR



Class of February, 1903

Class Flower: White Rose. Class Colors: Purple and Gold.

Class Motto: "Nec scire fas est omnia."

Officers

MINNIE COWLES TAYLOR ..... President
ETHEL ARVIN ..... Vice-President
PEARLE WHITMAN ..... Secretary and Treasurer

Roll

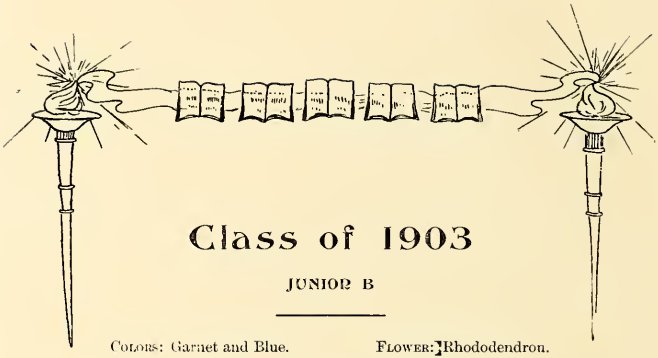
EULA BELLE YOUNG ..... Wise County
SUE SAYERS GANNAWAY ..... Pulaski County
JANIE FORD ..... Henry County
ELEANOR CAMERON WHITE ..... Rockbridge County
MARY OLIVIA FRAYSER ..... Powhatan County
GEORGIE JAMES ..... Mathews County
ETHEL TREVILLIAN ..... Hanover County
ELLA BRUMBACH ..... Frederick County
ELLEN GILMER PAINTER ..... Pulaski County
MARY CLARK ..... Wythe County
LINDA LACY McCLUNG ..... Rockbridge County
JANIE HAMILTON ADAIR ..... Giles County
NANNIE H. D. TURNER ..... King and Queen County
ELIZABETH BASKERVILLE ..... Alleghany County
HATTIE MAY PHELPS ..... Bedford County
MINNIE COWLES TAYLOR ..... James City County
ETHEL ARVIN ..... Lunenburg County
PEARLE WHITMAN ..... Tazewell County

CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1903

Just a Word in Passing By

AN introduction to the girls of our class is quite unnecessary, for, of course, everyone knows and admires the dignified members of Senior A. When we first entered these halls in the fall of 1900, no one thought that in two short years our class would have attained the honor of Seniors. Starting with thirty-one members we climbed higher and higher each term, every "pitching day" leaving a smaller band to press onward. Only nine of the original members have, as yet, reached the professional work. These have been joined, however, by seven new members of exceptional brilliancy, and our class now numbers sixteeen. Only those who have travelled the path know what it means to have successfully solved the problems of pressure and energy in physics, and mastered the many difficult theorems and corollaries in geometry. As we contemplate the labors of the past two years, and the honored position to which they have now brought us, our hearts are filled with a pride which modesty forbids us expressing. Many of our friends deplore our pale cheeks and serious manner, forgetting that in our minds all else is as naught compared with knowledge. They should remember that we are Seniors now, and, being keenly alive to all that that term implies, we feel it our duty to act in accordance with our dignified position. The admiring and wondering glances bestowed on us by our younger classmates clearly prove that we have not failed to impress them with our wisdom. We have dared to be wise, and according to our class motto, "nec scire fas est omnia," we do not say farewell, but *au revoir*, for we shall all be heard from again; some as brilliant lights in the land of science; others winning fame in the literary or musical worlds; and many gaining prominence because of their instrumentality in wisely training the youthful minds of our future statesmen, philosophers and presidents.

E. C. W.



Class of 1903

JUNIOR B

Colors: Garnet and Blue. Flower: Rhododendron.

Motto: "Haec olim juvabit meminisse."

Officers

MARY ESTHER PECK ..... President
ANNA CALLOWAY PAXTON ..... Vice-President
OTELIA GARLAND HARVEY ..... Treasurer
FANNIE NEVILLE WATKINS ..... Secretary

Roll

MARY ESTHER PECK ..... Botetourt County
ANNA CALLOWAY PAXTON ..... Rockbridge County
OTELIA GARLAND HARVIE ..... Amelia County
FANNIE NEVILLE WATKINS ..... Chesterfield County
MARY RIVES DANIEL ..... Cumberland County
RUTH LYDIA CLENDENING ..... Loudoun County
ANNIE SYLVESTER DOUGHTY ..... Accomac County

CLASS OF JUNE, 1903 (JUNIOR B)

THE BELLES

See that building full of belles,
College belles!
What a lot of scholarship the very sight
compels!
They are working, working, working,
All the day and half the night,
They their duties never shirking:
Yet in them seems a lurking
Of a mischievous delight—
They grow wise, wise, wise,
To astound and hypnotize
Their fond and foolish relatives, who'll
find that wisdom dwells
In the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
In the sweet and girlish wisdom of the belles.

Class of 1904

JUNIOR A

Colors: Royal Purple and White. Flower: American Beauty Rose.

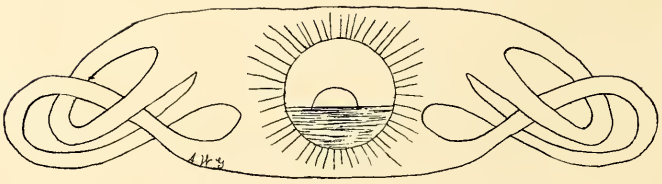
Motto: "Sans Tache."

Officers

MILDRED WILTSE EVANS.....President
ELMER LOUIS CRIGLER.....Vice-President
MARY FRANCES GRAY.....Treasurer
MARY CECIL BALDWIN.....Secretary

Members

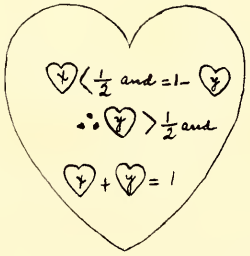
MILDRED WILTSE EVANS.....Halifax County
ELMER LOUIS CRIGLER.....Rockbridge County
MARY CECIL BALDWIN.....Prince Edward County
MARY FRANCES GRAY.....Charles County, Maryland
MARY ELLA BURGER.....Prince Edward County



CLASS OF 1904 (JUNIOR A)

A Mathematical Love Story

THOUGH the *unknown member* is supposed to be a *minus quantity* in the lives of some sober mathematicians, many of us find it the *maximum quantity* in a large *per cent.* of our *problems*; and the *interest*, even *compound interest*, that we have in it forms an *equality* with the *annual* (sometimes longer) *interest* of Tom, Dick and Harry. For *example*, Tom tells me "*How much* I love you: *how much* I love Susie:: 7,000,000 : 7;" but when I smile on Dick, Tom smiles on Susie, which is what he calls an *equation of payments*, though I call it a *mean proportion*. Dick then presented me with a *proposition* and I said, "*Give your reasons for that.*" He then sent me a bunch of raisins, saying, "There is more than *one* raisin why I love you." *To prove* his constancy I *multiplied* my absences, when he *subtracted* his attentions, which were *substituted* by the attentions of Harry. (Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.)



Q. E. F.

MADGE GOODE, 1900.

Class of June, 1904

SECOND B

Motto: "Paddle your own canoe." Colors: Old Rose and Silver.

Flower: Lily of the Valley.

Officers

ELIZABETH VARA BLACKMORE.....President
MARTHA GOGGIN.....Vice-President
ELIZABETH HAMPTON WADE.....Secretary and Treasurer

Roll

Margaret Graham Buchanan.....Rockbridge
Elizabeth Vara Blackmore..... Elizabeth City
Janie May Crute.....Buckingham
Harriette Truett Cowles.....James City
Nannie Maud Chernault .....Prince Edward
Lucy Hannah Daniel.....Charlotte
Bertha Lee Deal. .....Norfolk
Edith Brent Duvall.....Prince Edward
Sarah Massie Goode .....Mecklenburg
Louise Corbett Godwin .....Northampton
Annie Wharton Gresham...Washington, D. C.
Martha Goggin .....Campbell
Mary Goggin .....Campbell
Eloise George .....Tazewell
Ella Gray.....
Bertha Estelle Harris..... Prince Edward
Miriam Hearing.....Norfolk
Martha Allen Holman.....Amelia
Pearl Garnett Hundley .....Essex
Ollie Stanley Johnson.....Prince George
Mary Ella Jeffries.....Culpeper
Lucile Virginia Kent.....Washington, D. C.
Lucile Moomaw.....Roanoke
Rachel Moreau McKinney .....Prince Edward
Lizzie Otey Moorman.....Campbell
Lena Richards Marshall.....Prince Edward
Agnes McClave.....Buckingham
Mary Littlepage Powers.....Clarke
Anna Lee Perry.....Culpeper
Bessie Dennis Rice.....Charlotte
Lottie Wood Snead.....Spottsylvania
Katie Fleming Stephens.....Montgomery
Flora Clendenin Thompson .....Prince Edward
Louise Franklin Vaughan.....Prince Edward
Elizabeth Hampton Wade.....Prince Edward
Henrietta Reynolds Watkins.....Pittsylvania
Rebecca Walker.....Henrico
Lula Phelps Walker.....Bedford
Carrie Virginia White .....Accomac
Julia Brooke Wright .....Albemarle
Mary Stewart Yonge.....Prince Edward

CLASS OF JUNE, 1904

The Library

OF all the rooms in the building, no one affords more pleasure to our students than the library, unless it be her own sanctum sanctorum. Here, in the beginning of the term, we form our earliest acquaintances while purchasing the long list of books we are supposed to master during the coming session.

On entering the library one first notices the long tiers filled with books—objects of terror to some of the new girls, who at once conclude that ere the session shall close, they will be expected to "pass" on all of them. Beyond these is the reading room, which is set apart for the use of sedate, thoughtful young ladies, who, wishing to flee from the "maddening crowd," may pursue their work in peace and quiet! The comfortable appearance of the room is especially conducive to earnest study, and, if one wishes an inspiration, a glance toward the corner at dear old Caesar's face will certainly be all-sufficient.

Often when magazines and papers have just come in, or the librarian is very busy, your thoughts will be disturbed by such remarks as these: "Come here Lucy, and see this! Jack has married that horrid Nellie Smith. What a shame for such a handsome boy as he to be tied to her!" Then another will rush in with, "Please tell me something about this Latin; it's nearly class time and I can't translate a sentence"; or "Will you tell me where to find this reference in Psychology?" From another corner of the room will come the exclamation—"Listen girls. R. M. A. beat the V. P. I's, six to nothing!" In the midst of this loud whispered conversation, a sharp rap-tap on the librarian's desk is heard, and we instantly know if quiet does not at once come, somebody surely will. In a minute a girl slips into a corner to hide under a pile of papers a much used reference book, while another, noticing this, jumps up and with a wild dash secures it, much to the other's chagrin. When the conversation is renewed, which is generally the case, the subject is probably the faculty—the favorite teachers and so forth. One declares that Miss P— is so favored this term as to be attended by two shadows instead of one, the second being very tall, in striking contrast to the first devotee. Another girl announces the fact that M— P— is so much in love with Mrs. K—that she is thinking of going with her to Minnesota next year, even if she has to tramp the distance in "hobo" style, taking along a dancing bear to pay current expenses. Thus the latest gossip is served up in the newest and most approved manner, till one wonders "if I be I." At this point, the well known footstep of the librarian is heard, when the scene immediately changes. Each head is now bent over a book, while the more timid ones take to flight—not through the door, however, but the window; the most convenient and safest means of egress. A weird atmosphere envelops the library at night, for it is here the different sororities have their initiations. Many and varied are the reports of a few who have been brave enough to risk the wrath of the different societies, and wickedly listen or peep at windows and doors. Fearful groans and sounds unearthly are associated with this part of the building, over which hangs a veil of mystery that only the wise members can lift. But we do not wish to give any one outside of our school a false impression of our appreciation of the library, for we are quite proud of our choice periodicals and many valuable books. The courses in collateral reading are well selected and give additional interest and value to the regular class work. Our girls may occasionally have much fun in the library, but all show by steady faithful work how much they value these gifts from our beloved Virginia.

RUTH CLENDENNING.

Class of February, 1905

SECOND A

Motto: "We were not born to bloom unseen."

Colors: Purple and Lavender. Flower: Violet.

Officers

CLAUDIA PERKINS.....President
JANIE L. JONES.....Vice-President
GRACE WARREN.....Secretary and Treasurer

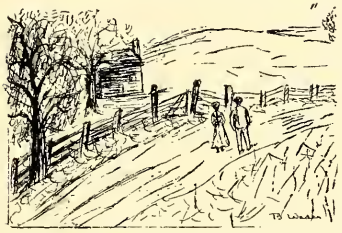
Members

LOUISE ADAMS.....Prince Edward
LOUISE GORDON BASKERVILLE.....Mecklenburg
GERTIE MADISON CAMPBELL.....Shenandoah
MARIA CURTIS COCKE.....Chesterfield
ESTELLE MORGAN CRAFFORD.....Warwick
ELLA WILMA EARLY.....Pulaski
BERNICE BROADNAX FAHR.....Chesterfield
MARY VIRGINIA FLETCHER.....Fauquier
SALLIE SHEPPERSON GOGGIN.....Campbell
GEORGIE GRAVELEY.....Henry
ANNIE GERTRUDE GRIFFIN.....Princess Anne
EVANGELINE ST. CLAIR HETERICK.....Rappahannock
JANIE LOUIS JONES.....Fauquier
BESSIE McGEORGE.....King and Queen
CARRIE McGEORGE.....King and Queen
CARRIE LENA MARTIN.....Franklin
SUSIE MUNDY.....Albemarle
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON NELSON.....Fauquier
MINNIE PARSONS.....Wise
ALICE EDMUNDS PAULETT.....Prince Edward
CLAUDIA PERKINS.....Warwick
ANNIE P. POOLE.....Campbell
CAROLINE ELIZA REX.....Loudoun
CLARA ALDA REYNOLDS.....Rockingham
STELLA CONSTANCE REYNOLDS.....Rockingham
ELMA JORDAN ROBERTSON.....Charlotte
PEACHY CLEAVELAND SANDERLIN.....Princess Anne
FANNIE EUGENIA SHELTON.....Nelson
CARRIE SUTHERLIN.....Halifax
COURTNEY IRVING TAYLOR.....Amelia
ETHEL MAE TOPPING.....Middlesex
GRACE WARREN.....Isle of Wight
BLANCHE WHEALTON.....Accomac

CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1905

A Ramble by the Roadside

FOR a lover of nature there are many attractive things in a roadside ramble. Little thinking what pleasure it would bring me, I started out into the country for a long walk on a bright spring morning. At first, the beauty of the natural scenery did not much attract me, as the view near the village was somewhat marred by several old tumble-down buildings. Further on the flowers of spring were to be seen on every hand; the roadside was covered with beautiful violets, seeming so happy with their bright faces turned to the sun, and nestling in their beds of green as young birds in the mother's nest. The song of the birds made music more beautiful than that of the grandest orchestra. Passing on I came to a wide expanse of meadow land through which rippled a tiny brook dashing over the pebbles, catching every ray of sunlight, and bandying it about from rock to rock. In this meadow a flock of sheep pastured; some of which were drinking the sweet, fresh water of the brook, others grazing the juicy young grass. This was a picture for the brush of an artist, for no landscape appears complete without some form of animal life, and what more properly belongs in a rustic scene than a flock of sheep? The road wound in a serpentine manner through the large meadow, on the further side of which were a group of sleek cows; some were feeding in the distance, others were standing in the shade of the trees. The tinkle of bells could be heard as some one of them moved her head in cropping the fresh grass, or in shaking off the torturing fly. They looked up with their tender eyes as I passed, seeming at peace with the whole world. It occurred to me that contentious man might learn a lesson from the gentle manners of these peaceable creatures.



Further on, I came to a dilapidated, but thoroughly picturesque, old bridge crossing a little stream which, in its winding, seemed turned from its intended course. The storms of many years had scarred and discolored the old structure, and the tramp of many feet had made noticeable depressions in its floor. Here and there a timber, either having partly rotted away in the lapse of time, or having been pulled aside by some rude hand, had become displaced; and by its strange position added beauty to the scene. While looking down into the depths of the stream, there came to me the serious thought of how many more, now gone forever, might have done as I was doing, and how little the acts of one person affect this world.

Leaving the winding road, I entered a forest of pines where the interlacing of heavy limbs, shutting out the rays of the sun, made a dim twilight; this quiet, cool shade brought to memory all the quaint stories I had heard of the little elves, and I seemed, almost, to have entered the realms of fairy land. The song of the pines was sad; and I wondered if the perpetual dirge might not be a weeping for the sins of man.

NANNIE TURNER.

Class of June, 1905

Colors: Blue and Gold. Flower: Golden Rod. Motto: "So far so good."

Officers

Bessie Martin Shirey.....President
Rena Kelly Armstrong.....Vice-President
Vera Allen Mapp.....Secretary and Treasurer

Roll

Chassie Eleanor Abbitt.....Norfolk Co.
Cora Lavinia Ames.....Northampton Co.
Rubie Gordon Amos.....Cumberland Co.
Maud Marsball Anderson.....Prince Edward Co.
Rena Kelly Armstrong.....Rappahannock Co.
Annie Cleveland Bagwell.....Northampton Co.
Lillian Virginia Berry.....Accomac Co.
Sadie Pennington Bird.....Fanquier Co.
Mary Lillian Blair.....Carroll Co.
Virginia Lee Boyd.....Nelson Co.
Cleopatra Thomas Branch.....Southampton Co.
Mary Broadwater.....Scott Co.
Hattie King Bugg.....Prince Edward Co.
Ellen Cabell Burgess.....Henry Co.
Bessie W. Carter.....Prince Edward Co.
Lucy Carter Chrisman.....Clarke Co.
Anna Elizabeth Clay.....Charlotte Co.
Inez Lutitia Clary.....Chesterfield Co.
Sallie Cox.....Prince Edward Co.
Bevie Cox.....Prince Edward Co.
Edna Banghan Cox.....Prince Edward Co.
Lila DuVal.....Buckingham Co.
Martha Venable Edmunds...Pr. Edward Co.
Clara Falwell.....Prince Edward Co.
Willie Lelia Falwell.....Prince Edward Co.
Annie Laurie Frazer.....Orange Co.
Rosa Belle Garnett.....Buckingham Co.
Bessie May Gilliam.....Prince Edward Co.
Hattie Gilliam.....Buckingham Co.
Mary Ella Griffith.....Southampton Co.
Amelia Randolph Harrison....Dinwiddie Co.
Louise Peyton Harrison.....Goochland Co.
Harris Duke Henderson.....Albemarle Co.
Juliet Hundley.....Prince Edward Co.
Pauline Hubbard.....Prince Edward Co.
Grace Hurst.....Northumberland Co.
Mary Elizabeth Johnson.....Rockbridge Co.
Pattie Love Jones.....Mecklenburg Co.
Bessie Byrd King.....Henrico Co.
Sadie Vashti Leary.....Norfolk Co.
Lucy Hawes Manson.....Brunswick Co.
Vera Allen Mapp.....Northampton Co.
Lina Marshall.....Prince Edward Co.
Jennie Lewis McDonald..Prince Edward Co.
Mabel Sydnor Miller.....Campbell Co.
Hallie Josephine Miller.....Nelson Co.
Bettie Enla Murfee.....Southampton Co.
Ella Uni Osborne.....Russell Co.
Mary Venable Price.....Prince Edward Co.
Madeline Rich.....Accomac Co.
Harriet Elizabeth Richardson.....P. Edw. Co.
Etta Rhoton.....Scott Co.
Anna Roy Rogers.....Buckingham Co.
Elma Jordan Robertson.....Charlotte Co.
Etta H. Sampson.....Chesterfield Co.
Bessie Martin Shirey.....Augusta Co.
Berta Sledge.....Southampton Co.
Scotia Stillman Stark.....Rockbridge Co.
Cornelia Smith Sterrett.....Rockbridge Co.
Alma E. Thraves.....Amelia Co.
Ida B. Thomas.....Northumberland Co.
Annie Urquhart.....Southampton Co.
Rebecca Pocahontas Vaughan.....Cumb. Co.
Bessie Verser.....Prince Edward Co.
Mary Grace Walton.....Prince Edward Co.
Epsie R. Walthall.....Prince Edward Co.
Alma Eugenia Williamson.....Nottoway Co.
Mary Ella Wood.....Hanover Co.
Clair Woodruff.....Alabama
Alice Worthington Irvine.....Bedford Co.

JUNIOR A CLASS

A LEGAL LAY OF LOVE

When I prepare to plead my case
  Before the court of love,
I'll get my brief with greatest care
  And every point I'll prove.

An argument that's fair I'll make
  To gain that court's decree,
And I'll subpœna faith and truth
  To testify for me.

But should I then nonsuited be
  For lack of evidence,
I'll not despair, but persevere,
  And read up precedents.

When I present my case again
  More strengthened I shall be,
I'll then have evidence enough
  To prove my constancy.

Whatever then be my success
  I'll yield not to despair,
For faint heart seldom gained a suit,
  Or won a lady fair.

T. A. Hollins.

Class of February, 1906

Motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
Flower: Daisy. Colors: Gold and White

Officers

Plasidia Hudnall.....President
Courtnex Cox.....Vice-President
Elizabeth Mahoney..Secretary and Treasurer

Roll

Lucile Ida Ashton.....King George Co.
Ersula Boyd.....Nelson Co.
Mary Broadwater.....Scott Co.
Ruth Rogers Brinkley.....Nansemond Co.
Dessie Clare Bailey.....New Kent Co.
Lucile Bradshaw.....Southampton Co.
Ella Lucy Beaton.....Southampton Co.
Mattie Conday.....Chesterfield Co.
Courtney Cox.....Prince Edward Co.
Mattie Bertha Chick.....Prince Edward Co.
Plummer Coleman.....Prince Edward Co.
Mary Virginia Davidson....Prince Edward Co.
Anna Julia Dardson.....Nansemond Co.
Florence Edwards.....Buckingham Co.
Alice Ervine.....Bedford Co.
Helen Fitchett.....Northampton Co.
Louise Josephine Finch.....Botetourt Co.
Heath Gathright.....Louisa Co.
Annie Mary Goodman.....Powhatan Co.
Annie Nelson Garnett.....Prince Edward Co.
Eloise Watkins Haden.....Botetourt Co.
Mary Williamson Hundley.....Halifax Co.
Kathryn P. Harrower.....King and Queen Co.
Pauline Hubbard.....Prince Edward Co.
Elise Eldridge Hartman.....Henrico Co.
Plasidia A. Hudnall.....Northumberland Co.
Susie Elizabeth Hamlet.....Prince Edward Co.
Anna Eliza Hamlet.....Prince Edward Co.
Anna Eliza Harris.....Prince Edward Co.
Lizzie Frederica James.....Goochland Co.
Emma Maria Kellar.....Shenandoah Co.
Hattie Jake Virginia Kelly.....Chesterfield Co.
Hortensie Lorna Kersey.....Pulaski Co.
Betsey Mary Lemon.....Franklin Co.
Mary Leath.....Nottoway Co.
Susie Lee McClung.....Botetourt Co.
Janie Hancock Moorman.....Franklin Co.
Ruth Matthews.....Accomac Co.
Lucy Lee McCraw.....Buckingham Co.
Anna Morris.....Prince Edward Co.
Victoria Burton Mitchell.....Bland Co.
Elizabeth F. de S. Mahoney.....Ironton, Ohio
Stella Virginia Kent Nelson.....Fauquier Co.
Ella Osborne.....Russell Co.
Florence Pitzer.....Augusta Co.
Alice Winston Palmer.....Nelson Co.
Margaret Antony Palmer.....Nelson Co.
Kathaleen Gertrude Price.....Botetourt Co.
Susie Hawes Price.....Prince Edward Co.
Etta Rhoton.....Scott Co.
May Virginia Rice.....Prince Edward Co.
Wilma Gates Reynolds.....Pennsylvania
Dollie Etta Stinnett.....Amherst Co.
Robbie Thomas Stinnert.....Amherst Co.
Annye Cora Scott.....Isle of Wight Co.
Sabra Carrie Short.....Accomac Co.
Bessie Tinsley.....Culpeper Co.
Ione Emma Trice.....King William Co.
Lilian Rose Ware.....Amherst Co.
Susie Virginia Watts.....Rockbridge Co.
Edna Louise Willis.....Accomac Co.
Emmet Mary Wimbish.....Mecklenburg Co.
Leah May Wilkerson.....Prince Edward Co.
Willie White Walthall.....Prince Edward Co.
Ada Lyon Williams.....Buckingham Co.
Susie Tidball West.....Bedford Co.
Dundee Martin.....Prince Edward Co.

JUNIOR B CLASS

Two Lessons on Heat For Small Children.

I.

THEORY.

"WE are going to study something about heat, children, and we want to find out to-day what heat is.

"Suppose I put this sugar into a glass of water and stir it for a while. At first you see sugar in the bottom of the glass, but soon you do not. Come, taste the water, John, and tell the children how it tastes." 'Sweet.' "Yes it is ; but you do not now see any sugar in it ; where has it gone? I will tell you. The water has broken each little grain of sugar into such tiny pieces that you cannot see them, and these little bits have gone all through the water. That is why the water is sweet. This teaches us, then, that each grain of sugar is made up of tiny little bits— so small that we cannot see them. And don't you know it is just so with everything you see? Your dress, your shoe, this table, and everything in the world is made up of these little bits. Do you want to know the names of these little things? They are molecules. Let me hear all of you say that word together." 'Molecules.' "Isn't that a big name for such little folks? I am going to tell you something more about them. All the little molecules in the sugar are brothers and sisters and they all have the same name — Sugar Molecules. But how are we to know a sugar molecule from a molecule of wood? They are akin to each other, arn't they? because they have the

same last name—Molecule? Yes, but we tell them by their first name. Each little molecule of wood is named Wood Molecule, and of sugar, Sugar Molecule, and so on; thus we have wood molecules, sugar molecules, glass molecules, water molecules and so forth. Now some of you tell me the name of each little molecule in this piece of iron." 'Iron Molecule.'

"You children dislike to be still a long time, don't you? Well, these little molecules are just like you, and, as they do not have anyone to make them be still, they just move about all the time. Now, you all know that when you run fast you get warm. So do these children, too. Look at the water that has been setting over the flame. What is it doing?" 'Boiling.' "Yes, that is one name for it, and when water is boiling, isn't it hot? Do you see how fast the water is moving about? Well, that is what makes it boil. These little water molecules are, as I have said, just like you; when they run very fast they get hot, and if they run still faster they boil."

Have you ever noticed some children's faces when they run? They get red, don't they? Look at this piece of iron I have been holding in the flame. What color is it?" 'Red.' "Now what do you suppose made it red? Why, the iron molecules have been running so fast and for such a long time that their faces have gotten red.

"Hereafter, children, when we feel anything and it is warm, we will say what about it?" 'The little molecules have been running.' "Very good. Then, when we see water boiling we will say the little water molecules have been running very, very fast. Anything that feels hot or that you know is hot, what are you going to say about it? 'The little molecules have been running very fast.' "Now we know what heat is, and we will say this about it. Heat is the rapid movement of the molecules. Let us now repeat this several times in concert in order to remember it."

II.

Modes of Transmission.

"We have an idea now what heat is and today we want to find out how heat gets from one end of a thing to another, or from one place to another. You see I have little balls of wax all along this iron rod, and now I am going to hold this end in the fire. Notice what happens. They drop off, one at a time, until there is not one left. Now what made the balls melt and drop off this end?" 'That end got warm.' Yes, but I did not have that end in the fire, so how did it get warm? I will tell you. You remember we said the other day that when the little molecules run fast they get warm. Well, the little iron molecules that were in the fire began to run first. They hit the molecules in front of them and started them out running. Then these little molecules gave the molecules in front of them a push and started them out, and so on until every little fellow in the bar was running. That is why this end got hot enough to melt the wax. Now when the little molecules are running and pushing their little brothers and sisters in front of them so as to make them run too, they are playing a game. The name of their game is 'conduction.' Let me hear you say

that in concert. 'Conduction.' When we put one end of the poker in the fire, the end away from the fire gets hot too, and we say it is heated by conduction, because the little molecules are playing 'conduction.' Now some little children do not know how to play 'conduction' so well as others. Wood molecules cannot play the game very well, so we have wooden handles on most of our iron tools that are used in the fire. The iron molecules play so well that we cannot hold the iron in our hands without being burned.

"We have learned one way things are heated, and now we are going to learn another. I will put this flask, full of water, into which I have put some sawdust, over the flame and heat it until the water boils. You see by watching the pieces of sawdust that water at the bottom is beginning to rise to the top and water from the top to come down to take its place. This shows us that as the water is heated at the bottom, the warm molecules run to the top, and the cold molecules come down to take their place. They keep this up until all the water is hot. This is another game the little molecules play, and the name of it is 'convection.' Let us all say that word." 'Convection.' "We can say then that water is heated by convection. Air and moist liquids also are heated by convection, because the little air and liquid molecules love to play 'convection' so much."

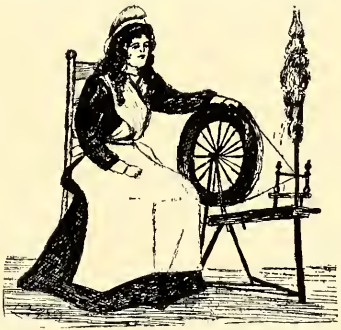
M. E. P.

Miscel-
laneous

The Twentieth Century Girl

LOOKING backward to the childhood of our nation we often wonder what one of our ancestors would think of a locomotive, of a street car, of an automobile, or of a flying machine. I wonder, even more, what he would think of some of the twentieth century girls.

When he was here modesty was the crowing glory of woman; not only her speech and conduct, but also her dress showed that she was restrained by a sense of propriety. Priscilla's dress was plain, home-spun goods, woven, cut and sewed by her own hands, making her prize it doubly. Her tresses were put up in a style as little



conspicuous as possible, being twisted into a little knot on the back of her head and covered by a net and small bonnet, which articles were very dear to her. She spent the mornings attending to household duties, and her evenings were passed by the large kitchen fireplace where the busy spinning wheel kept time to the hymn she had learned at church the Sunday before.

Time has passed, and the places once known as small colonial settlements are now great cities. We do not see Priscilla, but a gay, coquettish creature with a name like Marionette, Amorette or Antoinette has taken her place. Her crowning glory is a huge theatre hat, no matter how large or unshapely—just so it is becoming. She has dresses and hats for all occasions. Rustling silks with bows, jewels, ribbons, applique, and dainty evening costumes with everything to harmonize, are very essential to her happiness. It matters not about the cost, if they are the fashion and help her, with her artificial smiles and graces, to make what society considers the right impression at the right time. With the assistance of kid-curlers, rats, tangles, and combs, her hair stands high above its usual position, and the few loose hairs either stream over her eyes, or wander about in the air as if in search of a resting place.

She spends her mornings playing golf or tennis, riding a wheel or rowing. In the afternoon she lies buried in a bank of pillows reading one of the latest books, or discussing the way to have her next season's gowns made. She goes to balls or theatres in the evenings and returns to her room tired out; but after taking the pleasant morning hours for her rest, she is again ready for this fast and foolish life She knows very few hymns, but can sing every "coon song" in existence and dance all the cake walks. In this world of society she grows tired of the pleasures given to woman, and just for the sake of novelty intrudes on the domains of man. Passing into the blissful realms of masculine pleasures, she snatches the dearest idols, and soon the small white cloud rising above her head tells that the beloved little nuisance, labeled "Dukes Sweet Caporal," or "Best Havana Filled" is being enjoyed by some one—not a man, scarcely more a woman.

We have no reason to believe that any girls in Priscilla's time were like this twentieth century girl, but we know that there are girls now living who are equally as level-headed and lovable as was quaint Priscilla. Humanity has undergone many changes, but there still remains that most noble type of womanhood which time does not change, except to make it more excellent. The ideal twentieth century girl, whom we shall call Elizabeth, does not live a secluded life like Priscilla's, nor a fast and foolish one like Amorette's. She delights in healthful athletic sports, but she avoids those that are questionable. She has a large circle of friends, but they do not cause her to neglect, nor be ungracious to those of her own household. Her sympathies are broad, and she takes a part in the work of uplifting all those who need a higher life. She studies and reads, to be sure, and widely, but she does not waste her time arguing that woman is man's intellectual equal. Nor does she believe in a higher education for the mind and none at all for the heart and hand. Her happiness depends not upon the number of handsome gowns and hats in her wardrobe, but she believes it is a duty, as well as a delightful pleasure, to cultivate taste in dress. Indeed, her own fingers are skillful in fashioning dainty garments. She is a practical woman with at least some simple fundamental ideas of business.

But what is she not? It will take the whole twentieth century to answer that question.

May our nation ever be able to boast of the fact that it has more Priscillas than Marionettes, and more Elizabeths than both. May the setting sun of the twentieth century cast its rays on millions more of like true and noble women.

Carrie Martin.

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

MRS. BRENT, a wealthy and handsome young widow, had been the belle of the season at W——, a fashionable summer resort, but now, gossip said, all but two of her admirers had "dropped off." These two, one a polished man of the world advanced in his forties, and the other a sweet, strong-faced boy of twenty-two, were equally attentive. Both men truly loved the fair widow. Hawthorne says, "An insuperable gulf exists between man and man;" but not so in this instance. For years, Harris had loved his young friend Carter, and Carter had ever turned to his older friend with child-like confidence for sympathy and advice. Recently, however, a more selfish love had crept into their lives and with it came that gulf of which Hawthorne speaks. Each, at once noticed the change, yet for months neither dared speak of it. On Christmas eve, John Carter and Dr. Harris were seated before an open fire, lazily puffing their cigars. Only the soft mellow glow of the embers lit up the studio, revealing the face of the younger all aflush and nervous, his large, blue eyes showing the sunshine of his disposition and the ardor of his devotion, and the face of the older, calm and resolute, his keen, black eyes reflecting the force of his character and the firmness of his will. The older spoke first. Suddenly wheeling his chair around and looking squarely into the face of his companion, who colored beneath his gaze, he said almost caressingly, "John, we cannot go on in this way. We both love her and this has broken our friendship; neither of us, however, has spoken to her out of a supposed regard for the other, sacrificing to the noble cause of friendship our right to woo and win. Were it not for the fact that you remind me of my son, who died in infancy," he said in faltering tones, "our friendship could not have silenced my lips so long. Since the loss of my fair young wife twenty-one years ago, I thought the sweet power of loving was denied me. She was an actress, gay and frivolous when I married her, and she seemed never fully to appreciate or requite my heartfelt devotion. Finally,

she left me, taking with her our baby boy, the idol of my life. It was not long before the sad news came from her that the little fellow after a lingering illness had died. Though an inconstant wife, she was a good mother, and this overwhelming grief was more than she could bear. Shortly afterwards I learned that she, too, had followed him. I have loved no one since. Let me show you her picture. In some strange way you have at times reminded me of her. If my boy had lived he would have been your age. This thought and the fact that your mother died when you were an infant first drew me to you. This is the picture of my wife before we were married," he continued, as he placed a small photograph in Carter's hand. "Her maiden name was Katherine Revier." Garter started—"Katherine Revier? My mother's name was Katherine Revier. I have a picture taken of her before she was married." He glanced at the photograph Harris had placed in his hand and cried excitedly, "It is the fac-simile of this." "Show it to me," came in a hoarse whisper from Harris' all but mute lips. Carter left the room and in a few minutes returned with a small faded picture, clutched rigidly in his trembling hand. Snatching it from him, Harris bent eagerly near the glowing bed of coals and by their uncertain light distinguished the well loved features of his dead wife. With overwhelming power the truth burst upon him. She had never loved him, though she had loved their boy. Fearing that he might try to get possession of his son, she cruelly wrote him that the child had died. In a voice vibrating with emotion, tenderly he whispered, "My son!" simple words, but powerful, that struck a responsive chord in the heart of the boy who had never known a father's love.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Suddenly a ray of moonlight found its way through the half open shutter and shed its pale light impartially upon the heads of the two men; and with it fell from the father's lips a blessing nobly invoked upon the young man and his love.

A. L. K.

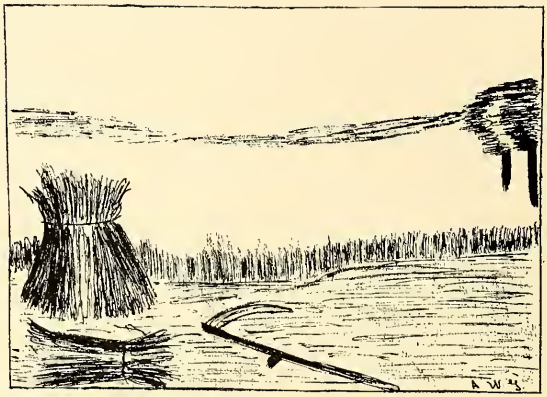
Day Dreams

THE dreams of the young Hebrew, Joseph, are always regarded as of a sacred character, probably because they proved prophetic of his later life. But who can say that they may not have been pleasing reveries only, the rovings of his imagination while watching his father's sheep come lazily into the fold, or while wandering alone in the fields of Shechem seeking his brethren. These visions, however, whether they were mere phantasies of the human mind, or genuine revelations from Heaven, certainly encouraged him to be strong in all his adversities, and made him struggle to achieve future greatness.

Walking alone after the busy day is over, or sitting by the firelight in the growing dusk of a winter evening, every one of us, too, has significant and inspiriting dreams. In these thought-pictures we are meeting success and approval in our several departments of work—perhaps as teachers, laboring with great results in some much-neglected field of study. Our efforts are characterized by heroism and self-sacrifice, and many noble and admirable traits of character have been developed. Whatever may be the real prospect for us, whether good or bad, in imagination we create a little world of our own and here roam at will, shaping all conditions and circumstances as fancy dictates. The picture is always bright and hopeful; seldom dark and discouraging.

Now, unimportant as our day dreams appear, may they not have some signal effect in our lives? Since in these visions ideals are formed, desires are born, and decisions reached, may they not prove strengthening and helpful? Making us dissatisfied with ourselves and trivial efforts, do they not create longings that impel us toward nobler living and larger accomplishments?

KATIE ST. CLAIR.



In Harvest Time

DURING the busy harvest season of last summer, it was Alice Gray's lot one day to carry dinner to her father and his hired men. When the clock pointed towards twelve, although the sun's heat was then most intense, she began preparations to start for the field with much delight, for the drive through the long shady lane, which was hedged on one side by a dense growth of honeysuckles and on the other by tall locust trees, was one of especial pleasure to her. As she drove along, the birds flitting from tree to tree, making melody in the fragrant air, relieved her mind of care and filled her heart with cheer.

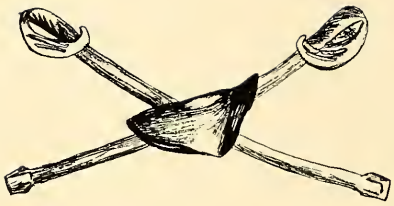
When Alice reached the field, she stopped the horse under a large oak tree. The men, noticing her arrival, unhitched their horses and began preparations for rest and dinner. The horses wandered near the fence, nibbling the sweet clover while the men made ready the corn for them. Selecting a grassy spot, Alice unpacked the dinner basket containing the thin slices of ham, flakey rolls of bread, yellow butter, brown potatoes, pickles, iced tea and apple pie, which made a tempting array for tired, hungry men. The negroes, grouping themselves apart, laughed and chatted over the forenoon's experience, some bragging over having done more work than others, and all much interested in the spread before them.

How happy they seemed! No trouble and few cares. Perfectly satisfied if having plenty to eat, enough clothes to keep them warm and a few extra pennies to invest in trifles. As the fall comes on these pennies will be spent for hard cider, while later on if any remain, they will be dropped in the basket during the "yearly meeting." Alice was wondering whether their souls had ever known the longing for a higher life, when she remembered the faithful old slave, "Mammy Nell," who years ago so tenderly cared for her mother's family, at one time saving her grandfather's life. The simple child-like trust of "Mammy" in the "Bressed Lawd" above, who constantly watched over her, made Alice know that elements of greatness existed, though not in many, most surely in a few, members of this ignorant race.

Enjoying the beautiful view before them, Alice and her father began talking of the probable yield of the crop. The field was on a gentle incline at the foot of the short hill, and the valley to the east and west of them was rich in harvest robes. Occasionally a slight breeze ruffled the wheat, causing miniature whirlwinds to travel swiftly across the field; then a cloud passing between them and the sun made long shadows steal over the vast acres. How typical of life it seemed, light and shadow, joy and sorrow.

Finally the men finished lunch, and after Alice had packed the dishes, she turned her horse's head homeward, while the men resumed their work.

Ruth L. Clendening.



The Mysterious Disappearance of a Relic of Revolutionary Times

I WOULD not have you expect to find in this anything of literary skill; no flights will be attempted, but with the unskilled wings of a new fledged writer, I shall content myself to move along in those lower regions to which, physically and mentally, nature has assigned me. I shall "only speak right on," in the dry manner of a chronicler, and trust that you may find something of interest in that which is told, if not in the manner of telling. Bear with me, then, as I try to expose one of the numerous fibres that go to form that cord of memory which so strongly binds our affections to the Normal School and the "Normalites"—as I throw on some drops of water, not to quench the flame of love, but to freshen the recollection and prevent "the first falling of the leaves of memory."

Though the "heirloom" about which I am writing dates, it is said, from colonial times, I do not intend to give its history. Only one incident from the many that would form the story of its existence is the subject under consideration. This happened not many years ago in your town of Farmville. The disappearance itself took place in the town, but the loser was most painfully affected while on his way to that historic and classic community of Hampden Sidney.

The object under discussion was nothing like the talisman of Sir Kenneth; it was not the good sword of any of our ancestors; it was not even a piece of jewelry, made to adorn the dress of some stately dame. It was simply a hat—a common, old dirty felt hat—originally gray, now become a kind of nondescript color composed of dirt and gray.

Now, why the epithet at the heading was applied to this hat, I have never been able to learn. Whether it was due to the fact that it was made after the style of those days, or that it bore "the dust of the ages" on its crown, it is beyond me to decide. But why should we dispute over the title, which was given by one who is a second Adam in naming?

It was customary in those days for the Hampden Sidney Dramatic Club to produce a play before a Farmville audience—and I believe this happy custom is still

in vogue. Attracted more, I fear, by the prospect of seeing the "Normalites," than by the pleasure which the play afforded, a large body of students always accompanied the "troupe." On this particular occasion there was, among this curious crowd, "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown"—a light-haired, blue-eyed scion of the Saxon race, fresh from the backwoods of the country in Southwest Virginia. With that curiosity which is always exhibited by a country boy when he goes to the city, this lad examined, with wide open eyes and mouth, the many intricacies and conveniences of the opera house. At last he found that most convenient of all devices—the hat rack under the chairs. Being deeply impressed with the utility of such an arrangement, our friend decided to test it; so, uncovering his head, he slipped his hat into the snug little receptacle, where he left it, feeling sure that it was safe there. He next proceeded to offer the director a thousand and one useless suggestions, until that worthy was driven almost to distraction. Thus in various ways he beguiled the time until the house was filled, and the girls from the school had taken those seats, under one of which our friend's hat was supposed to be. Now this boy had not been under the tuition of experience—that best of teachers—nor did he know anything about the ways of a girl—and not even Solomon himself knew this. We cannot blame him, then, for the ignorance of the fact that all girls are brimful of curiosity, and very meddlesome; nor should we be surprised at his enjoying, or pretending to enjoy, the play, and feeling that his hat was safe. But a woman is a vain thing for the safety of anything that she shouldn't have.

Well, when the play was over, our friend, radiant with the smiles in which the presence of the girls had wreathed him, went to recover his property. What was his surprise and chagrin to find that "the relic of revolutionary times," which so well fitted his head, was no longer to be seen. That hat, trained up by its owner in the way it should go, did not depart from it when it was old. Following in the footsteps of its owner, it was greatly attracted by one of the young ladies. So great was this attraction that the hat held to her, that is went even so far as her room. It is strange how much influence a girl can exert over inanimate—I was about to say senseless things.

This is the story of the disappearance. When told to me, it was not at all shrouded in mystery. I could easily understand the disappearance. What puzzled me came later.

You can probably imagine the comfort experienced by a hatless youth taking a seven-mile tramp on a cold March night when the wintry wind "'blows loud in angry sigh." For riding was too expensive in those days. Judge also the pleasure of going for days, either with no hat, or wearing one borrowed from a kind neighbor.

This continued for some days, and then came the true mystery. I think this article should rather be headed "The Mysterious Reappearance of a 'Relic of Revolutionary Times.'" One day when, as the custom was, all the boys were collected at the post office to call for their mail, our freshman, wiser now, received a package from Georgia. He opened it and found his long lost hat. In his joy over the recovery, all the weariness and coldness of that midnight walk were forgotten. All the sorrow over the loss of so valuable a possessson was turned into rejoicing; and so thankful was she that, he tells me, he has never been able to pay the debt of gratitude he owes.

There is only one thing that is cloudy—how a hat, lost in a play at Farmville, could come back home from Georgia. There was an unknown third person in it. This is what makes a mystery of the behavior of this "Relic of Revolutionary Times."

Thos. W. Hooper, Jr.

"Uncle Glory"

GLORY is not his true name, which is either lost or forgotten, for in all my life I have heard only one person call him by his real name. He is called "Glory" because he is always saying "Glory to God."

This old man is about eighty years of age—he is one of Farmville's oldest residents, in fact; and his face is very familiar, especially to all the children.

His clothes consist of dingy overalls that once may have been blue, a black coat faded to a dull green, and an apron made of striped ticking. It is against his principles, seemingly, to wear shoes of any but the most dilapidated description. Generally his toes may be seen sticking out through the ends. His grotesque appearance is crowned by an old, greenish, stiff, derby hat, much too large for him. It has been worn out completely around the brim by his tipping it so often to the ladies, for he is very polite. He is lame and walks with a crutch, the top of which is covered with a piece of old guano bag to keep it from hurting his arm. He keeps one arm in a sling, but with the hand that holds the crutch, or sometimes on his head, he carries a bucket of peanuts or apples which he offers for sale in the most persuasive way.

All the children like him because he sells them more peanuts and larger apples for a penny than anybody else, and sometimes he even gives them some when they have forgotten their pennies or have already spent them all.

In spite of his many afflictions he is contented and cheerful, and always wears a broad grin, except when some idle store clerk who hasn't anything better to do, tries to tease him by taking his basket. This makes him so angry that he takes up his crutch and, seeming to forget his lameness, runs nimbly after his tormentor.

One evening when he had sold out his stock of peanuts and apples, and was pulling up the long hill, called Baptist hill, toward his cabin, he saw a large cow running toward him. As he was in the habit of thanking God for everything he received, good or bad, he shut his eyes and said devoutly, "Glory to God! Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive." I should not have been very thankful for what he received then, for the cow did not turn from her path, and "Uncle Glory" received such a blow that he tumbled down the hill heels over head, his basket going in one direction, his crutch in another, and his hat into the ditch. When the old man opened his eyes the old cow stood looking at him and shaking her head angrily as if she would like to get just one more chance at him. "Uncle Glory" ruefully picked himself up, gathered together his scattered possessions and started again up the hill, mumbling under his breath, from force of habit, "Glory to God."

ALICE E. PAULETT.

Old Black Mammy

OF all the persons associated with my childhood, none was, and is, more dearly loved than my old black mammy. We called her Mammy Betsey, and I was so fond of her that I think if anything had happened to her it would have broken my heart. I would not go to sleep at night until Mammy Betsey had given me her usual kiss on the back of my hand and tucked me in bed. She slept in the room with us children, and if she heard us turn over in the bed she came to see if we were sick.

Mammy Betsey saved me from many whippings which I really deserved, and would have suffered, had she not taken me up in her arms and carried me off to the kitchen beyond the reach of the threatening rod. I can hear her now saying, soothingly, "Come here, honey, do dey treat you bad? I think Missis ought to be 'shamed ob herself to treat you so. I mean to give her a piece of my min'; dat I do. Listen, chile, lemme tell you what Mammy did once durin 'de war.

"Once upon a time, when the Yankees was a campin' not far from Massa's plantation, we was lookin' for 'em to come any day an' take ebry libin' thing we had. But old Mammy sed dey shouldn't take dem nice Virginny hams dat Massa tho't so much of, if she could he'p it. I put 'em under the bed, and when I saw de Yankees commin', I shut the do' and put my back agin it, and wid Massa's ole wored-out pistol in my hand, stood redy for 'em.

"When one bouncin' young sojer came up to me and said, sassy-like, 'Git out de way', I looked him squar in de eye and said jes as savage as I could: "Taint no use in you commin' here, case you aint agwine ter get in. As sartin as my name is Mammy Betsey, ef you put your han' on dat do', I'll shoot you jest as sho's you standin' dar.' I tell you I had no notion of lettin' him have dem hams, an I looked so savigrous he did'n' come no futher.

"Den they thought they 'ould git the fowls, an' I didn't think I could stop 'em, but when I saw one runnin' after Missis' finest Plymouth Rock rooster, my temper riz up sudden an' I couldn't stand it no longer. I jes walked out in the porch an' say: 'I dar you to put your han's on dat rooster! Ef you do you may look for a hole right thro' your miserble Yankee haid.' I pinted my pistol right at him, he stopped runnin' dat rooster an' walked off kinda sheepish-like, laffin' a little, an' sayin, 'Dat

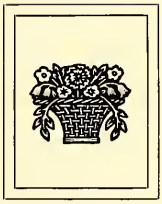
fool nigger means what she says.' But I did'nt keer what dey thought, for I was bleeged to save dem hams an' dat rooster, for we-alls didn't hab any too much to eat in dem hard times."

In Mammy's judgment a city is the most delightful place in the world. Often after I had been severely scolded she would say; "Hush, little chile, doan you cry, case some day you's gwine to leab this mean ole country an' lib in de big beyutiful city."

If I had not loved her before, I should certainly have done so when my mother died, for the gentle old woman knelt by her bed, and cried as though her dearest friend had been taken from her, and never have I heard mother's name mentioned in her presence since then that the tears did not stream down her dear old wrinkled black face.

Every year when I leave for school, she kisses my hand and says with tears in her eyes, and a quiver in her voice; "Hurry up, honey-chile, an' come back home for to stay, for I aint got many more days in dis world of sin an' sorrow, an' I wants you to be wid your ole mammy when she am called away."

Janie Jones
Carrie McGeorge



Just Among Ourselves

In the Parlor

FRIDAY night in the Normal School is always eagerly anticipated. To the girls whose greatest ambition for the future is to win literary fame, Friday night means three hours of uninterrupted research in volumes brought from the library. The week's prescribed duties leave little time in which to gratify one's own taste for work of this kind; but Friday night belongs to the girls, and may be spent just as fancy dictates. The maiden who prefers domestic to literary pursuits embroiders and sews, or, with apron on, a towel tied around her head and broom in hand proceeds to bring her abode to such a state of cleanliness, that not a mouse dare venture within for at least three days.

Others look upon this occasion as a period set apart solely for their physical recreation and make the best possible use of it in various amusements. Pillow-battles are fought in the halls, door-ways are blockaded by trunks, mimic speeches are made in truly oratorical style, while the inmates of every room are quaking in fear lest they will be the next victims of these lawless intruders, who are no respecters of persons.

But the chief event attending Friday night, the one that brings the greatest excitement to a Normal School girl's heart, the one round which all joyful anticipations of the week are centered, takes place within the parlors. Sarah, the maid who answers the bell, has aptly called it "beau night," which means, more politely expressed, that from eight to half-past nine the girls are allowed to receive callers.

Former students, who know young men in the town, or have friends attending Hampden-Sidney College, take delight in relating the social pleasures of these occasions to new girls at the beginning of the session. Dorothy Wendell, who entered the school in February, had listened with interest to these accounts, but never thought of sharing such enviable distinction. Therefore she was greatly surprised to receive, one Friday afternoon, a dainty suggestive note from an acquaintance who, in passing through the town on a business tour, was unexpectedly detained. He had been a classmate of her brother at the University of Virginia, and recalled with pleasure the bright-eyed Dorothy who, on the night he graduated, had audaciously added her name to the list of august signatures which dignified his diploma. It was with eagerness that he greeted this opportunity of seeing her again.

Dorothy wished to give the reply to his note careful consideration; but there stood Sarah awaiting her answer, in an attitude mildly suggestive of the fact that "time is fleeting"; so she hastily opened her desk, selected some of her best note paper, and began: "Dear Mr. Gordon." That sounded abrupt, so she prefixed "My," hoping he was not critical regarding the width of a margin. Then she continued: "It will give me pleasure to have you call tonight; as a friend of Jack's,——"

but a satisfactory conclusion to this sentence refused to come at her bidding, and rather than wait for an inspiration, she snatched up another sheet of paper and began again: "My dear Mr. Gordon." O dear, what shoulds she say next! Just then came Sarah's voice from the doorway: "If you please, Miss, the boy's a waitin'!" Dorothy despairingly wrote in haste the one sentence which introduced her former attempt, signed her name and gave her note to Sarah with a sigh of relief, thankful that her task was ended. For even if the result was a rhetorical failure, it would at least grant to him the desired permission.

The next consideration was what she should wear. "I know he'll come early," said Isabel, her room-mate. "Young men always call on the 'bring your knitting and spend the day' plan." So at half-past six Dorothy's toilet was begun.

Isabel's lace fichu gave a charming finish to her blue evening dress, and the gold pins, which had belonged to the grandmother of the girl next door, were borrowed to hold it in place. A second neighbor offered to lend for the occasion her Parisian fan, and another came forward with a dainty chiffon rosette which looked very coquettish in Dorothy's waving hair. Then, when nothing further in the way of adornment could be added, she was marched around the hall to be admired, criticised and envied by less fortunate maidens.

Contrary to Isabel's prediction, Mr. Gordon did not evince any undue haste in his arrival. Dorothy, who was expecting his card at half-past seven, had grown decidedly restless when, nearly an hour later, Sarah entered, announcing, "Your gen'l'man's come, Miss." She waited a few minutes before going down; just long enough to give the impression of not having been quite ready. As she approached the parlor, it seemed that a public reception might be in progress. Merry laughter and gay voices greeted her, an evidence that the rooms were well filled—for the Normal School is very attractive to college boys on bright April nights.

But the opening of the door was followed by an abrupt silence. Dorothy felt wretchedly embarrassed as she entered and spoke to Mr. Gordon, for every eye was upon her, and every ear appreciatively waiting to hear her speak. Was this one of those festive occasions so glowingly described by the girls? If so, she determined never to participate in another. This resolve was almost repented of, however, when those about her resumed their interrupted conversation, and seemingly took no further notice of her presence. Indeed, it was very delightful to be seated there talking gaily to her friend; nor was she unconscious of his unspoken admiration for the girlish face above Isabel's fichu, which the wearer well knew to be most becoming.

The room with its shaded chandeliers, broad mirrors and gracefully draped curtains, seemed fittingly adorned by the daintily gowned maidens. And this departure from the routine of school work carried with it enjoyment so infectious that even Dorothy started in surprise when the many gay voices were drowned by the ringing of the gong. Surely never before had an hour passed so speedily.

This bell announces the time for departure, and with it begins the reluctant farewells. Only five minutes are set apart for this ceremony, and any rash youth who,

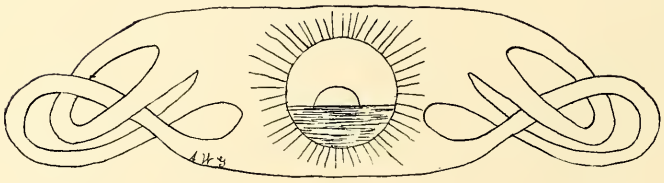
in the fascination of the two bright eyes before him, so far forgets discretion as to prolong this "sweet sorrow," is very probably escorted to the door by the matron.

With this reception night there are often attending discomforts, such as the occupants of the parlors exceeding the number of chairs therein; a red-robed lassie being unavoidably cornered where the yellow shade of a light throws over her a glow resembling that of a poppy's in a field of buttercups; or the boy a girl likes best calling on her chum, while she is trying to entertain some one she thinks both stupid and uninteresting.

But, on the whole, such slight drawbacks are of little moment when compared to the great pleasure of being able to conscientiously forget theorems, constructions and experiments for a whole evening, and bask in the gratifying, though uncertain, sunshine of masculine favor.

Approved and re-echoed by every Normal School girl is the following toast given at a class banquet recently: "Here's to Friday night! may it ever be a joy to each one of us, and, in the future, come three times in the week."

Caroline Rex.



AT MIDNIGHT

Midnight figures clad in white,
Down the hall, then out of sight.
In a room of dark delight,
  Turkey, chicken, bread.

Laughter loud, the feast's begun.
Silence, panic—"Run, girls, run!"
Late, too late! our pleasure's done;
  Shivers, terror, dread.

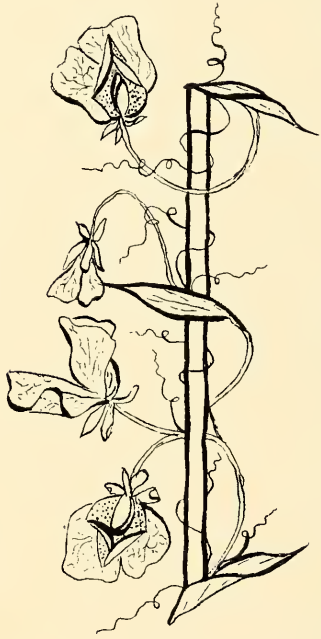
Awful scoldings in the air;
Shivers, giggles—"I don't care!"
Driven by the sudden scare,
  Swiftly home they run.

In their rooms, the whispers low
Tell with pride, that all may know
What a girl must undergo
  Having midnight fun.

Sallie Willett Leache.

Rules and Regulations

IN painful remembrance of the scoldings we have undergone, and are undergoing daily, at the hands of that most awful tyrant, the Faculty; and in our earnest desire to lighten the burden of all within our reach, we consider it a duty to the students of the Normal School to publish the following regulations. By keeping them any girl may bask in the sunshine of the Faculty's most genial smile; by breaking them, she will bring upon herself its most awful and dreaded wrath.



In pursuance of this self-assumed duty, we think it desirable to classify said rules in order that they may be more easily referred to, and thus better serve their purpose.

I. *Rules with reference to the library.*

[This room is sacred, and should be treated reverently.]

1. Never close the door, especially when teachers are within. Members of the Faculty are easily effected by cold draughts, and when overcome by them are compelled to excuse classes. Thus they (the draughts) are a blessing in disguise.

2. Note carefully who is at the librarian's desk. If you find one of the girls there, proceed as follows: (*a*) Make a thorough search to see if teachers are concealed behind the great volumes. Finding none, go into the reading-room with a light heart and enjoy yourself. (*b*) Don't read, and don't let any one else read. (*c*) Collect all the new magazines you possibly can, and sit on them. (*d*) Talk. Interchange of ideas with a friend tends to broaden the mind. (*e*) Should the librarian "rap" her disapproval, "rap" back.

3. In case you have recently "skipped" "gym," and are desirous of avoiding the director thereof, the only safe way of entering the library unobserved is by means of the window facing the street.

4. Don't have your books charged if you can possibly help it. Two weeks slip by before you know it, and the result—a fine.

II. *Rules with reference to the halls.*

1. Always run through them. Briskness in a schoolgirl is commendable. It shows that she knows the true value of time.

2. Never walk single file. By walking in front of a girl you show extreme rudeness; by walking behind her you cause her to commit the same offense.

3. When talking in the halls, be sure that a corner or other means of escape is near, in case the unexpected *should* happen. There are more instances on record than one of a teacher requesting silence in the halls.

4. The radiators were made to hold books, hats, and umbrellas.

5. The Assembly Hall should have been called Liberty Hall. Here you may talk to your heart's content.

6. Always pass through the Assembly Hall when music classes are in session. Any such interruption is a relief to the members of a class, and the teacher's displeasure counts for nothing.

III. *Rules as to the conduct in classes.*

1. When you know least, look wisest.

2. In the Latin class "lie low." If you should be called upon, however, and know nothing about the lesson, make a guess. In the Latin language nearly everything has a "wavering meaning," so you can't miss it far.

3. In music classes, even if you aren't musical, work your mouth. So far as grades are concerned, it amounts to the same thing as singing; and in consideration of the other members of the class, it is better.

4. If any lesson becomes monotonous, you may safely draw pictures in your tablet, and appear to be taking notes.

5. Even if you don't know much about the lesson, talk a lot. It makes an impression.

6. Always laugh heartily at the teachers' witticisms, whether you see the point or not; they expect it.

7. When at the board, guard the quiet as you would your life, or suffer the consequences. (We speak from experience.)

IV. *Miscellaneous rules.*

1. If any noise is being made in the study-room, and a teacher is said to be coming, you may either jump out of the window—the most advisable course—or put on a

surprised, injured air, and be deeply buried in the contents of your book.

2. Never walk on the grass, or, what amounts to the same thing, never be *seen* on the grass. Note—The term *grass* includes the square in front of the gymnasium, though as yet no grass has actually been detected on it.

3. Vacant periods are sometimes called *study periods*; and some get the idea that they are meant for work. Their real object is merely to give the girls some time for recreation.

4. Always have your shoes neatly polished and your hair combed; but beware of pompadours. The Faculty thinks they are abominable.

The Night We Entertained the President

IT was in February, 1902, on a Tuesday night—Miss Haynes, the housekeeper, gives us clean linen on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—that we entertained President Jarman at our table in the large dining-room of the Virginia State Normal School at Farmville.

When the question of inviting the President was favorably considered on the day before at breakfast, one girl, a 1 B, who was not especially enthusiastic over the idea, forthwith declared: "Then I am going to stay up-stairs." We all promptly agreed that it would be a good thing for her to do. It was not every day we ate with a man, even a married man! Besides, this was the new President, and each of us desired to make as good an impression as possible. We had, you see, a "taste for glory."

Ten girls sit at our table; so, even without that 1 B, there were still nine of us to do the entertaining—a Senior B, a Senior A, a 2 A, and five 1 B's, and one little light-haired 1 A.

Having been told by our mothers since our youth, that the best way to reach a man's heart is to feed him well, we cheerfully gave our last pennies for the purchase of fruit. On the afternoon of the eventful day, a committee of two spent all the money we had in oranges and bananas. When the bell rang at six o'clock, we appeared at the table in our best bib and tucker, with all our "war paint" on in honor of the President, dark, slim, pleasant-voiced as ever.

The girls all over the dining-room were craning their necks to get a good view of our table—their interest being divided between the President and the big glass bowl of fruit—long, yellow bananas and juicy oranges with their quartered skins curled under like the petals of a sunflower.

Mrs. Morrison tapped the bell, the President said grace, and all sat down. For a moment oppressive silence reigned, when the President ventured the trite remark: "I believe I know you all"; at which we all giggled. We couldn't help it; we were so nervous.

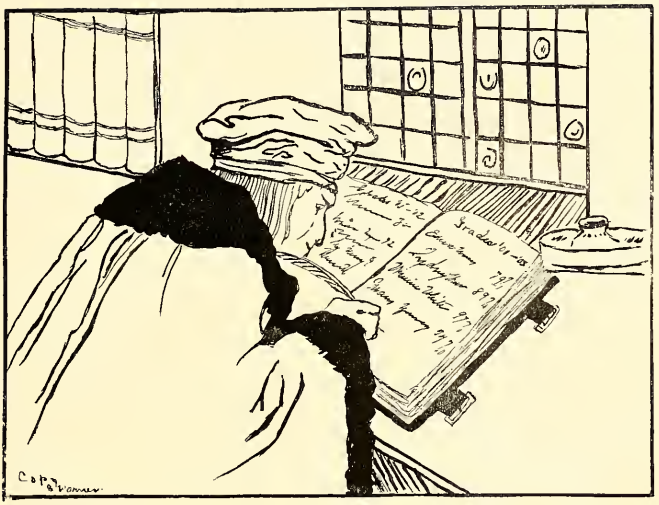
When the glasses were passed for water, one of the 1 B's, in an effort to pass hers as gracefully as possible, let it slip from her fingers to the table with force enough to shatter it. Our over-strained nerves gave way, and we laughed, and laughed—then laughed some more.

In our hasty inventory of the table at the beginning of the meal, we discovered that Miss Haynes had given us real cream; so when the servant brought in tea and coffee, we all took coffee—and put in lots of cream. The President diluted his coffee with water. We were secretly sorry for him until we remembered that he got cream every day at Mrs. Morrison's table, and that, therefore, his appreciation had been dulled by repetition, as Dr. Kline says about perceptions.

Since no one volunteered to help to the meat, the dish was passed, which had a fork in it. Presently, the Senior A was observed eating in an absent-minded sort of way with a fork in each hand. It was also noticed that since she had helped herself to meat, there was no longer any fork in the dish.

The rest of the meal was lacking in special interest, but through it all we found much amusement in watching the 2 A girl. Made of ample size, and blessed with a hearty appetite, she always eats more than anyone else at the table, but that night she nibbled delicately all the while on a crust of buttered roll, talking with great animation to the President, who sat next her.

Eula Belle Young.



In Wisdom's Domain

"CAN I make that 'exam,' or not? But if I fail, what does it matter? I have years and years before me for gaining knowledge, so why, pray, should I be studying long after midnight? *I will not do it*; so there!" My books and papers were ruthlessly thrown aside, when suddenly a familiar strip of paper came to mind, bearing these significant words: "Smith, Edith, Repeat." For the moment my spent energies were revived. "Never! Never!!" I cried. "I will pass on that test if I have to study my very head off." And with true heroism I once more began "cramming" "Trig." Finally, through exhaustion, I was no longer able to hold my book, or to keep my eyes open. The book fell to the floor, unheeded; my weary eyelids closed spontaneously—I was asleep).

In my dreams I was a new girl, who by several of the old pupils was being shown something of the school—the teachers, the classes, and so forth. As I glanced down the hall, I saw a tall lady approaching with majestic step (which is her's alone), carrying a large globe representing the world, several geographies, maps, and—horrrors!

bones. From the expression of her countenance, it was evident that her thoughts were far away—that she was lost in abstraction. I instinctively moved aside, fearing a collision. Now, for the first time, I noticed that in her firm grasp was held a little trembling hand. Looking at its owner, I saw that her face expressed perfect tranquillity of mind and evenness of temper. There was no need for me to ask who she was. By the exactness with which every pin, every ribbon, was in its place, by the manner in which her glasses formed right angles with her nose, I recognized the mathematician.

We were discussing these two in rather loud tones, I must confess, when suddenly we heard a voice saying, "Young ladies, *absolute* silence *must* be preserved in these halls!" I turned, and beholding a stern face, prepared to flee, but one of the girls caught my arm and whispered, "Don't be alarmed at our linguist; her bark is really worse than her bite."

"Look! here comes the bridegroom." I turned, and almost before I caught a glimpse of him, with head thrown back, eyes almost closed, carrying a satchel and several stuffed birds, he had passed, as grave as the tombs—and as silent.

The next member of the Faculty pointed out to me was the art teacher. With tall figure, grey walking skirt, broad hat, umbrella tucked securely under her arm, and firm step, she had a decidedly military air. Behind her a girl, small, frail, and sweet-looking, followed as if drawn by an irresistible magnetism. The lady turned, and with a smile, said: "Come, Mary, this way." Then to us, in sharp, brisk tones, "Single file, girls. Fall in line." And we fell.

Just then we passed one of the classrooms, and glancing in at the open door I saw at the desk a small, slight figure clad in black. In her face I read many graces—gentleness, sympathy, patience—all that is desirable in a teacher. But what are these little spirit-like beings hovering about her in worshipful devotion? I recognized them—my old enemies—ablative absolutes, dependent questions, gerundives, subjunctives, and yonder, in the distance, the departed ghosts of Cicero and Cæsar. "Miss M, let us look at this from the standpoint of reason," she said. A confusion of sound followed; in which I distinguished, several times, the name, "Professor Greenough, of the Harvard University."

Gathered around the door of the dancing hall was a crowd composed, I thought, of only schoolgirls, though my friend said that somewhere in their midst was the assistant teacher of mathematics. However, I could find no traces of dignity or age by which to distinguish her. Later on, I was told by a Senior—whose veracity could never be doubted—that she is prone to encourage some of her Ven(er)able friends to the alarming extent that each one thinks he is the Right (Reich) man.

About this time there came hurrying toward us one whose happiness seemed to shed its radiance everywhere. I could readily identify her as the bride. Suddenly she paused, filled with dismay. "O, dear, won't some of you see if my glasses can *possibly* be in Room D?"

Next to appear on the scene was our English Master. He was as young and

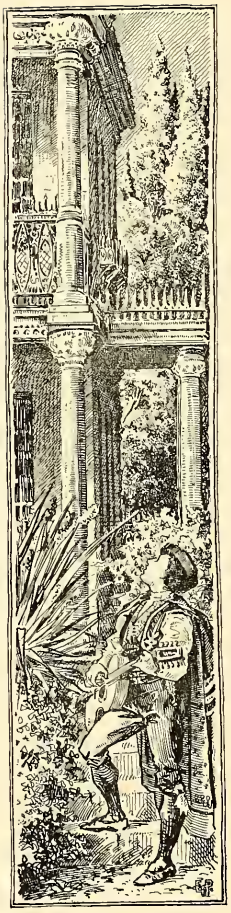
buoyant as a college boy, and I noticed that he was whistling. I was soon to learn, however, that in class he is earnestness personified.

On looking ahead, I saw a lady whom I instinctively recognized as a teacher, yet whose gracefulness alone would have attracted my attention. And the satchel in her hand? "Ask not about that," my friend replied. "She carries it always. Much have we pondered about it, many the theories conceived. 'Twas once whispered, that it pertains to the gymnasium;' again, that 'it belongs to the library, and is of inestimable value'—but we know not what it really contains."

My friend then said that she wanted me to meet our new President. And even as she spoke, I heard the echo of a bright, cheery voice, and had a vision of one we had learned to love. "Then, too, there is Miss——but here she comes now." I glanced up, but before I had half time to see her, whose lips were parted as if to speak, lo! there burst forth music! We were spellbound, and listened in rapt silence. As the last strains died away, I started, and awoke.

And the "Exam?"

Rochet M. McKinney.



The Serenaders

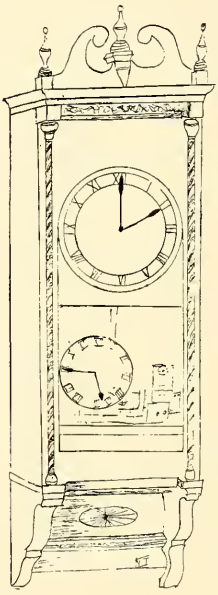
When the moon shines in the heavens, and the night is calm and still,
Then romantic serenaders wander to the Normal hill.
Serenaders grave and thoughtful, serenaders young and gay,
Pause before the darkened windows and adoring homage pay
To the maidens there abiding, an alluring, merry band,
Now subsiding into quiet, on the verge of slumber-land.
On a sudden, through the stillness, waves of melody arise,
Bringing straightway to the windows scores of bright, expectant eyes.
Though delighted, every maiden almost breathless silence keeps
(For she knows the watchful Matron has an ear that never sleeps):
And the only sign of pleasure she's permitted to bestow,
Is applause, so brief and muffled, that it is not heard below
Where the eager serenaders, standing on the campus near,
Speak in tender strains of music to the girls they hold most dear.
Mandolin, guitar and banjo mingle in some love-song sweet,
Followed by a waltz and two-step, but the whole is not complete
Till is heard the plaintive farewell of the dear old "Home, Sweet Home,"
As the players pass on slowly, and the girls are left alone.
Sleep is once again resuming calm and undisputed sway,

And the faint, receding music has in echoes died away.
But what strange and loud commotion rises now upon the street,
Causing terror-stricken maidens to bound wildly to their feet?
Cat-calls, laughter, shrieks and howling, sighs and groans in unison,
Do not signify a riot, but that "vocalists" have come!
Every voice in pitch is ringing from ten sharps to twenty flats,
And awakens all the sleepers found 'tween "Hunt's" and "Uncle Pat's."
The falsetto that is highest sings, "She Sleeps, My Lady Sleeps!"
While the next in pitch wails softly, "Love, for Thee My True Heart Beats,"
Then the basso speaks of "rag-time," in a really thrilling tone,
While the tenor is declaring, "I was Seeing Nellie Home;"
And a fifth roars, "Suwanee River," in a most inspiring way,
Interspersed with variations to the tune of "Dolly Gray."
When this agonizing medley, from the lack of further breath,
Has in gaspings, sighs, and tremor died a woful, lingering death;
Then the energetic singers slowly their departure take,
Little dreaming that their footsteps welcome intonations make
To the weary, restless listeners who are seeking sleep in vain;
For the serenades are over: night resumes her silent reign.

CAROLINE REX.

The Assembly Hall Clock

MY first few days in the State Normal School were not very happy ones. Inquisitive girls were continually coming into the Assembly Hall to see me, and they would stare me in the face in what I considered a most ill-bred manner. In time, however, I ceased to be a novelty, and now I am quite happy and contented. At present I am consulted only with reference to the hour of the day and, being left alone to myself so much of the time, am thus given a fine opportunity to observe unnoticed many interesting incidents of school life.



I am never dull or lonely except on Sunday, when my domain is deserted; school mornings always afford abundant entertainment. When the big bell rings, the girls come trooping in, and such a chatter you never heard. Every one talks as loud and as fast as possible. Lately there has been much talk of tests. I can usually tell when a girl is going to have a test. She has a most pitiful and doleful expression. Another word used quite frequently at present is "pitching-day." It must be something terrible, because when it is mentioned the girls seem apprehensive of coming trouble, and I have seen it even draw forth tears. When the girls came in one morning just before Christmas, I noticed there was an unusual disturbance. The faces of many of them unmistakably expressed discontent and disappointment, while there were plain indications in the countenances of others that they were "hoping against hope." While wondering what could be the matter I caught a whisper of its having been decided at the last faculty meeting to give but one day for Christmas. The girls were loudly discussing the subject, when the President appeared. Immediately all became quiet. As usual, a passage from the Scriptures was read, a hymn was sung, and a prayer was offered. In the prayer, allusion was made to the necessity of our developing the ennobling virtues of patience, submission and endurance; and help was invoked that we might, with true and humble obedience, accept cheerfully our fate. At this point many raised their heads slightly, and stealthily

looked, with an agonized expression, at the President. When the prayer was ended, the President, in serious mood, addressed the student-body. He declared that it was painful to him to be under the necessity of making such a disagreeable announcement, but he felt sure the young ladies would bear the distressing news with bravery and patient resignation. He told them it had been decided by the Faculty, after much deliberation and careful thought on the subject, that henceforth tapioca pudding would be excluded from the bill of fare of the school! The whole student-body burst into loud cheers. As the school marched out, I saw that every face was wreathed in smiles and wore an expression of supreme happiness.

NORA PILSWORTH.

IN THE PLAY-ROOM

Here is where we have our fun,
In the play-room;
Here is where no work is done,
In the play-room;
Here is where we soon forget
All the trials we have met.
And we are a jolly set,
In the play-room.

E. C.

The History of Our Skeleton

ONE evening while attending the Virginia Normal School, I went into the laboratory to watch the progress of some experiments the girls of the botany class were performing; but not feeling inclined to study, and also wishing to take a few notes, I sat down and began to look around me. One of the first things attracting my attention was a long, narrow box containing, as I knew, a skeleton much used in the laboratory, and which, I had been told, was all that remained of some famous French woman.

I began to wonder who she could have been, and what would be her history, if she could tell it. While in deep meditation, I heard, with pleasant surprise, soft strains of music issuing from one corner of the room, and, looking up, I was startled to see an elevated platform screened by a magnificent curtain. No orchestra was visible, but the music seemed, in some mysterious way, to be floating around me as the gentle zephyrs of the summer. As the music increased, slowly, with silken rustle, rose the curtain, thereby revealing a spacious and magnificently equipped stage, lit up by a glow of soft red light that enveloped an angelic form, hovering in the midst of the radiant

scene. The figure was slender and possessed the supple grace of the willow; its perfect curves were draped in a soft filmy mist, giving the lovely girl the appearance of an apparition from fairy-land. Her magnificent suit of dark wavy hair hung around her as a mantle, and, in its contrast to the white drapery, added lustre to the dazzling eyes peering out with the gaze of a startled deer. I could hear the loud applause, though no audience could be seen.

As the lovely singer lifted her head, and a soft low wail of music was heard, the most melodious tones came pouring from her lips. The song was the description of a battle; and as the music thundered and the light flashed, in imagination arose before me a picture of its crash and din. The ending of the battle, presented with excellent spectacular effect, revealed dense clouds of smoke slowly rising from the scene of carnage and drifting away into the distance; the music, in mournful cadences, told of the groans and wails of the wounded and dying; while the singer proclaimed first the victor's shout, and then the low sobbing and despair of the vanquished. With this the vision faded, the clouds seemed to have called back their goddess after thus presenting her to mortal eye.

A sudden slam of the door aroused me, and I awoke to find it was only a dream which had thus shown me our famous singer as once she had held multitudes in the spell of her marvelous voice; but who is now known only as our skeleton.

N. H. Turner.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER.

19. College opens.

20. Home-sick Club is formed with Miss Dunlap as President.

21. A dozen or more new girls, having nothing else to do, mention organizing, in opposition to the former club, a Street Walking Club with Ursula and May as Chiefs.

24. New girls classified and lessons assigned.

27. Street-Walking Club is broken up.

28. Katherine H. has to call some one to help her blow out the electric light.

30. Miss Rex makes an impression down town.

OCTOBER.

3. First tests are heard from. So many girls want to go home—why?

4. Rebecca V. begins to talk—she hasn't finished yet.

5. Sarah and Louise find a third partner—little Jane.

10. Ray gets her first bundle.

23. Holiday for the fair. Marguerite P. is in her glory.

30. Hallowe'en night. We bob for apples with fervent souls.

NOVEMBER.

1. The night of Maria's disappointed visit to the parlor.

3. Alma—"I wonder why Mr. D—I fell in love with me when there are so many prettier girls here."

5. Eleanor is "in a misery."

19. 12 o'clock p. m. Mrs. M.—"Susie, how did you get up on third floor at this time of night." Susie—"I guess I walked up here."

27. Hortense's brother comes up on second floor looking for the parlor.

DECEMBER.

5. Charlotte M. admits for once that she is wrong.

8. Bessie, Rochet and Rebecca study a lesson.

12. Decided: That if Miss Turner continues to improve in dancing as rapidly as heretofore, we will have her lead our next German.

15. Pattie Love goes with Frank W. to a party.

20. Harriette Cowles gets "Love Letters of a Liar" from Clarence.

24. 10 o'clock p. m. Roman candle battle before the school. Gents' furnishing houses get a rush next day.

JANUARY.

1. With fear and trembling we enter this month.

3. The teachers rush us. We rush candles and matches. Mrs. Morrison rushes the halls.

23. Banquet given by the Seniors to the graduates.

25. The day of sorrow mingled with mirth—pitching day.

27. For once Sallie Morris is not worried.

29. Eloise H. gets a barrel of apples from home.

30. Bessie and Helen are forced to separate.

FEBRUARY.

1. Mattie, one of the new girls, asks Mrs. Morrison to dance with her.

4. Alice H. undertakes to show the Normal girls how to dance.

7. Annie G. gives us the exceedingly valuable piece of information that Washington has at least 2000 inhabitants.

9. Poor little Perkins is left without Mary Hop.

18. Match game of basket-ball between First B's and Seniors.

28. Mrs. Kline's angel, after a three year's stay at the Normal, decides that a diploma is worth trying for.

MARCH.

1. Edna E. and Estelle C. see H.-S. boys from their windows.

3. Juliett Hundley leads a crowd of girls from room E to the President's office.

7. Marguerite P. has a caller, but she freezes him out.

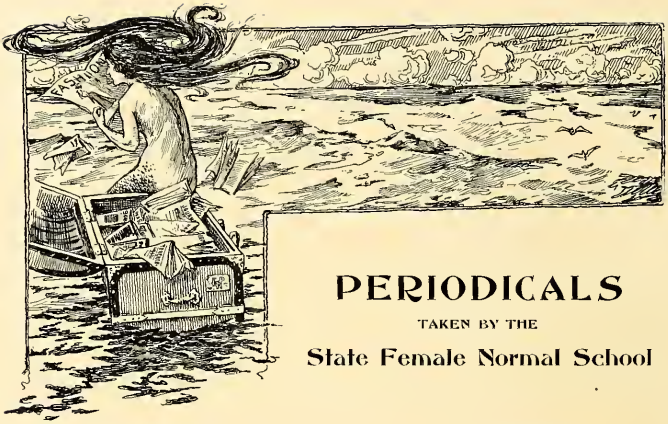
13. First A's motto: "Go way back and sit down."

21. Ursula and Kathleen get new hats from Mexico.

29. Girls go home for Easter.

30. A certain little boy in town owns up he has had a *fair Deal* once.

31. Pitzer, Deal and Harris return with diamonds and other bright *prospects.*



PERIODICALS

TAKEN BY THE

State Female Normal School

MONTHLIES

1. American Journal of Psychology.
2. Atlantic Monthly.
3. Century.
4. Current History.
5. Educational Review.
6. Forum.
7. Harper's Monthly.
8. Ladies' Home Journal.
9. Modern Language Notes.
10. Pedagogical Seminary.
11. Perry Magazine.
12. Popular Science Monthly.
13. Primary School.
14. Psychological Review.
15. Review of Reviews.
16. Popular Science.
17. Primary Education.
18. Popular Education.
19. Scribner's Monthly.
20. Study of Art.
21. Woman's Home Companion.

WEEKLIES

1. Art Study Pictures.
2. Central Presbyterian.
3. Christian Observer.
4. Farmville Herald.
5. Journal of Education.
6. Literary Digest.
7. Louisa County News.
8. Nation.
9. Outlook.
10. School Journal.
11. South Side Examiner.
12. Religious Herald.
13. Youth's Companion.

DAILIES

1. Norfolk Landmark.
2. Roanoke Evening World.
3. Richmond News.
4. Goodson Gazette.

Poster Club of Y. W. C. A.

SUSIE WARNER
HARRIET HANKINS
BESSIE BLACKMORE
MARY FRAYSER
ELMER CRIGLER
HENRIETTA WATKINS
LUCILE KENT
NANNIE TURNER
ROCHET McKINNEY
BESSIE WADE
MARY BALDWIN
SARAH GOODE
MINNIE TAYLOR
EDITH DUVALL
ANNIE GRESHAM
MILDRED EVANS
CLAIR WOODRUFF
EULA BELLE YOUNG

Young Women's Christian Association

ONE of the most attractive organizations connected with our school is the Young Women's Christian Association. President, Neville Watkins; Vice-President, Anna Paxton; Secretary, Eloise George; Treasurer, Martha Goggin. The students themselves fill all the offices.

Its aim is the development of Christian character in its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of the institution.

Every Saturday afternoon at five o'clock there is a devotional meeting which usually lasts for about an hour. An interesting and attractive programme is arranged for each meeting, and all are invited to attend, and take part in the service. One girl leads, and several others read appropriate pieces or lead in prayer; a member of the Faculty seldom appears on the programme. Sometimes we have special music prepared by the Glee Club.

All of the members are given an opportunity to take an active part some time during the year, but if inclined, they have the privilege of refusing.

The Young Women's Christian Association is divided into four departments; (1) Bible Class, (2) Mission Study Class, (3) Social Features, (4) Devotional Features.

There are twelve Bible classes and all of these, except one, are taught by the girls. These teachers meet the Chairman of the Bible Committee before presenting the lesson to the members of their classes. The classes meet regularly once a week, usually on Sunday afternoon. One month this session the Bible classes were suspended for the benefit of hearing Miss Blodgett, who for a month gave four delightful lessons a week on the characters of the Old Testament.

The Mission Study Class meets every Friday afternoon. This is taught by four members of the Faculty, each leading once a month. The lessons are exceedingly interesting, especially so to those interested in the great work of foreign missions.

This session the Association has given two entertainments, one in October and the other in April. The October entertainment was mainly to give pleasure and enjoyment to the new girls. It was the "Old Maid's Convention." The one in April consisted of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, etc. Both were amusing and entertaining.

The Devotional Committee consists of a Chairman, usually a member of the Faculty, and four girls. They meet regularly each week to plan the programme for the Saturday evening meetings. They have the topics for each month printed on cards which are distributed to all connected with the school. A beautiful souvenir topic card was issued for the last three months of the session. Every week the programme is advertised by an attractive poster, which is put on the library door. Once a month there is a Missionary meeting planned by the Committee on Missions. Then Wednesday night comes our dear little prayer meeting. This is entirely under the control of the students themselves. It is usually well attended and much good is accomplished.

Although the school is a State institution, and no regular religious instruction can be provided by the Faculty, a delightful religious spirit seems to exist in it. Many of the teachers and girls are earnest Christian workers in the Association, in Sunday-school, and in church.

Our Association has grown in numbers this year, and the interest seems more general and deeper than heretofore.

The Association counts it an especial privilege and pleasure to welcome the new girls who enter the school in the fall and spring, and by cordial attention and helpfulness to make them feel thoroughly comfortable and happy in their school home.

Lucy Manson.

Honor in School Work

THE first step towards greatness—really it is greatness itself—is to be honest. The standard of honor in our school should be high, for we are laying the foundations of our characters, and we should lay them broad and deep, firmly fixed upon God-given principles. One dishonorable, untruthful act or word will forever leave its impress and work its influence on our characters.

Life is made up of little things and little things make up whatever is great. So, in habits, manners, and business, we should watch the littles, and then all will come out well. The smallest tendency to evil doing, left unguarded, may wreck character and life. From little faults have sprung the mass of great vices and crimes. "The little foxes spoil the vines," we are told. From day to day in a school girl's life there stretches an endless chain of temptations to be guilty of acts of dishonesty, acts which seem so trivial as to appear almost harmless. But it will be impossible for a student to be honest in the great things of life unless her honor and integrity are maintained in even the most insignificant details of her every-day life.

What is honor in school life? Is it honorable to obey, be studious, refrain from evil, as long as one is watched by teachers or other officials? That is to be an "eye student." The same girl—around the corner—out of teacher's or matron's sight breaks all bounds, and disobeys without a qualm of conscience. Has she a high sense of honor? There are many other ways of being dishonest in school life, as being careless about returning books, tablets, pencils, hats, and articles of dress that have been borrowed; handing in work not your own; cheating on "tests"; and inventing excuses for unfilled duties.

But there is a course of honor open to the student in another direction—in social life. Is it honorable to be kind to a girl to her face and then say bitter, unkind things behind her back? The girl who does this is no more honest than the one who commits wrongs that seemingly are much greater.

How shall this high moral tone be maintained? It cannot be reached by rules from the teachers. Students must demand from each other absolute uprightness. There should be such a strong sentiment against dishonesty that no student dare be guilty. We know that one brave will to resist evil and hold fast to good is a great power. A brave determination on the part of a few to allow in school work nothing that bears the slightest resemblance to cheating can stop much of the dishonesty that is practiced in school work.

The crown of one's early days is strict honesty. For the time it may seem that it is to our disadvantage to be strictly honest, for honor and integrity are not always rewarded with this world's coin. It is too often the truth that people are honest only when it is convenient and plainly profitable. But they who are honest only when it is the best policy and not for right's sake, are not honest at all.

Truthfulness is the corner stone in character and must be firmly laid in youth. If we as students are careful day by day to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end will stand a temple, honored by all men and approved by God.

We should feel that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," and then live as we feel.

STELLA C. REYNOLDS.

The Natural Bridge

VIRGINIA is celebrated for its many natural features of interest. Chief among these is the Natural Bridge in Rockbridge County. This bridge is a single mass of limestone rock, spanning the bed of Cedar Creek at a height of 215 feet, and is 80 feet broad. It ranks next to Niagara among the physical wonders of America. Masses of rock rise almost perpendicularly from the bed of the stream, supporting a graceful arch, the crown of which is on a level with the adjacent country. Limestone is easily dissolved. The bridge was formed by the washing away of softer rock beneath the harder substance, which makes the top of the arch. At one side of the bridge is a great mass of rock jutting out over the stream. It is known as Pulpit Rock, and a good view of the glen can be obtained from it. It is so high that one often grows dizzy if he approaches the edge and looks down. Persons walking below appear as mere spots of color. A great many steps and paths lead down under the Bridge. On reaching the arch one gazes around with a sense of awe, and a realization of the presence of the Supreme Being. A certain stillness prevails, although the stream rushes down the little valley with a roar and sometimes makes the voice unable to be heard. Immediately over head is an exact representation of a lion's head, and an eagle in dark rock, showing clearly against the lighter background. It is very cool here during the summer. The water trickles down the sides of the rocks, and in the crevices ferns grow in great abundance.

A shaded walk leads on to a river, which seems to have no source nor end; therefore it received the name of Lost River.

Saltpeter Cave is also here. It was mined for saltpeter during the War of 1812.

A little above this is an island which is covered with evergreens, and spruce and cypress trees. Numerous rustic seats are distributed over this island, and it makes a very pleasant resting place.

Still further on is Lace Waterfalls. The whole stream rushes over a high slope of solid rock It dashes against the rock and sends spray in all directions. The water rolls and curls up in so many ways that it resembles great billows of snowy lace.

The Natural Bridge is a great summer resort, and is visited annually by a great number of tourists from all parts of the country.

SCOTIA S. STARKE

Our Fraternity Girls

Harriet Truett Cowles
Bessie Dennis Rice
Harriet Parker Hankins
Pearle Garnett Hundley
Estelle Morgan Crafford
Claudine Louise Kizer
Grace Mason Wilson

Bessie Blackmore
Helen Winston
Eleanor Cameron White

Mrs. Linus Ward Kline

Sallie Rives Morris

Alma Estelle Thraves
Lucile Virginia Kent
Gertrude Madison Campbell
Mary Virginia Hopkins

Mrs. Portia L. Morrison

Katherine St. Clair

Carrie Virginia Hix
Mary Campbell Jones

E. Edith Cheatham

Gertrude Nelson

ΣΤΑ
ΚΚΓ
ΚΔ

Kappa Delta Sorority

Organized in the State Normal School, Farmville, Va., October 15, 1897.
Chartered by the Legislature of Virginia during the Session of 1901-02.

CHAPTERS

ALPHA CHAPTER, State Normal School, Farmville, Va.
BETA CHAPTER, Chatham Episcopal Institute, Chatham, Va.

COLORS: Olive Green and Silver Gray. **FLOWER: Marguerite Daisy.**

Yell

Zippera, boomera,
Booma lacka zelta!
Zippera, boomera,
Alpha Kappa Delta—K. Δ.!

In Urbe

GENEVIEVE BACON VENABLE*
SUSIE MORTON SCOTT*
MARY JACKSON*
CHARLOTTE McKINNEY*

In Collegio

MARY SOMERVILLE SPARKS*
ANNA TRENT PAGE*
MARY VIRGINIA HOPKINS*
SALLIE RIVES MORRIS
CARRIE STURDIVANT GOODE
ANNA CALLAWAY PAXTON
SARAH MASSIE GOODE
ELEANOR CAMERON WHITE
LUCILE VIRGINIA KENT
FANNIE MASON PERKINS

*Absent when pictures were taken.

KAPPA DELTA SORORITY

Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority

Organized in the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Va., October 15, 1898.
Chartered by the Legislature of Virginia, March 18, 1902.

COLORS: Turquoise Blue and Steel Gray. **FLOWER: White Violet.**

CHAPTERS

ALPHA CHAPTER, State Female Normal School, Farmville, Va.
BETA CHAPTER, Sub Rosa.
GAMMA CHAPTER, Hannah Moore Academy, Reisterstown, Md.

Yell

Hido, Kivo!
Siskum razzle dalpha;
Here we are, here we are,
Zeta Tau Alpha.

In Urbe

NETTIE DUNNINGTON MORTON
EDITH BRENT DUVALL

In Collegio

SUSIE WARE WARNER
PEARLE GARNETT HUNDLEY
MARY OLIVIA FRAZER
LILA WALLER DuVAL
MARY CLAUDIA PERKINS
GERTRUDE MADISON CAMPBELL
FRANCES YANCEY SMITH*
MARY CAMPBELL JONES*
MARY POWER FARTHING

*Absent when pictures were taken.

SONG OF ZETA TAU ALPHA

[Tune—"Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party."]

In the sky a bright star glitters,
And its light shall ever shine,
For this star is our Zeta Tau Alpha
And we bow before her shrine.

Chorus.

We shall ever loyal be,
We shall ever loyal be,
To our dear beloved Zeta Tau Alpha
We shall ever loyal be.

To each heart a strong chord binds us,
Binds us close with truth and right;
For "Themis" we would ever cherish
And from her we draw our light.

In each heart a love ne'er failing,
Draws us to the "Blue and Gray,"
And may we be forever loyal
Till time shall fade away.

Far into the distant future
Z. T. A. shall shed her light,
Clear and searching as the golden sunbeams
Yet pure as violets white.

ZETA TAU ALPHA SORORITY

Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority

Colors: Purple and White. Flower: Purple Violet.

Sorores in Collegio

ETTA SAMPSON
ELIZABETH VERA BLACKMORE
RENA KELLER ARMSTRONG
HELEN BLACKISTON
HARRIET PARKER HANKINS
BESSIE DENNIS RICE

Sorores in Urbe

NELLIE SMITHEY
JENNIE CARTER JACKSON

1. HARRIET HANKINS
2. ETTA SAMPSON
3. BESSIE RICE
4. JENNIE JACKSON
5. RENA ARMSTRONG
6. HELEN WINSTON
7. HELEN BLACKISTON
8. BESSIE BLACKMORE
9. NELLIE SMITHEY

CHI

BESSIE DENNIS RICE, Ξ. Ξ. Ξ.
HARRIET PARKER HANKINS, Ξ. Ξ. Ξ.

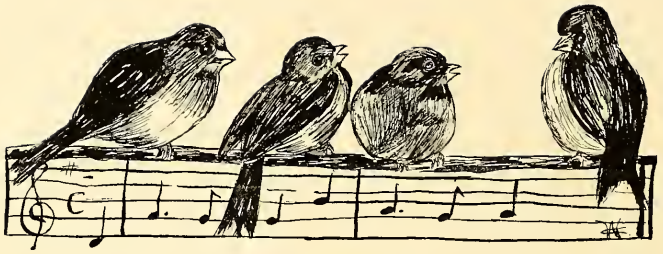
ELEANOR CAMERON WHITE, K. Δ.
ANNA CALLAWAY PAXTON, K. Δ.

SUSIE WARE WARNER, Z. T. A.
PEARLE GARNETT HUNDLEY, Z. T. A.

Secret Society.
L K

NEVILLE E. WATKINS
GRACE S. WARREN
JULIA A. SCAGGS
HENRIETTA WATKINS
ANNE GRESHAM
ANNIE L. KINZER
WILLIE MOORE
N. A. LATHAM
AMELIA HARRISON
MILDRED EVANS
HOOSE BROS.

CLUBS



Glee Club

DIRECTOR.....MISS LULA O. ANDREWS
ACCOMPANIST.....MISS CLARA F. SPILMAN

FIRST SOPRANOS

MAUDE ANDERSON	LUCY DANIEL	MARY L. POWERS
ROBBIE BERKLEY	BERTHA DEAL	BESSIE RICE
GEORGIA BRYAN	EDITH DUVALL	JULIA SCAGGS
CORA COLE	PEARLE HUNDLEY	MRS. BAXTER TUGGLE
ELMER CRIGLER	SALLIE MORRIS	GENEVIEVE VENABLE

SECOND SOPRANOS

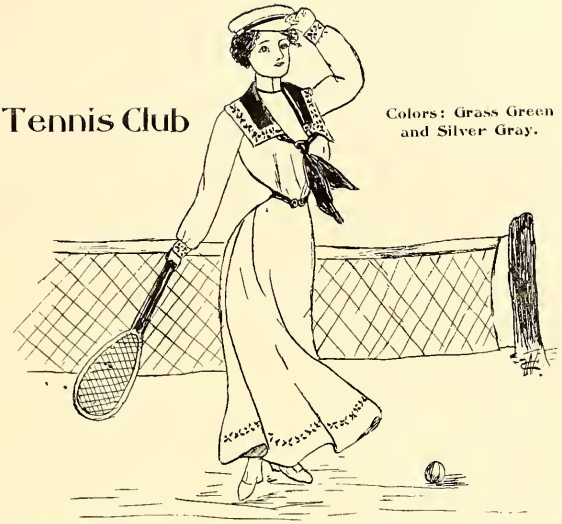
HATTIE BUGG	LENA MARSHALL	REBECCA VAUGHAN
ETHEL COLE	ANNIE P'POOLE	SUSIE WARNER
MIRIAM HEARING	CAROLINE REX	HENRIETTA WATKINS
	KATIE ST. CLAIR	

ALTOS

MRS. B. ARNOLD, JR.	MISS COULLING	COURTNEY TAYLOR
MARY BALDWIN	JANIE JONES	NEVILLE WATKINS
MISS CHEATHAM	ALICE PAULETT	BLANCHE WHEALTON
JANIE CRUTE	MARY F. POWERS	MISS WOODRUFF

Tennis Club

Colors: Grass Green and Silver Gray.



OLD CLUB

President. . . . . Alma Thraves
Secretary and Treasurer. . Miss Reynolds

MEMBERS

Miss Andrews, Georgia Bryan, Ella Burger, Janie Crute, Estelle Crafford, Gertie Campbell, Edna Elcan, Annie Gresham, Miss Reynolds, Wilma Reynolds, Fannie Shelton, Nannie Turner, Alma Thraves, Rebecca Walker, Alice Paulett, Plasidia Hudnall, Dr. Arnold.

NEW CLUB

President. . . . . Emma L. King
Secretary and Treasurer. . . . Bessie Rice

MEMBERS

Susie Warner, Pearle Hundley, Fannie Perkins, Bessie Rice, Elmer Crigler, Eleanor White, Clair Woodruff, Carrie Henderson, Miss Andrews, Emma King, Elizabeth Baskerville, Miss Reynolds, Dr. Arnold, Dr. Jarman, Otelia Harvey, Ellen Painter, Dr. Kline, Mrs. Kline, Carrie Goode, Sallie Morris, Sarah Goode, Claudine Kizer.

A TENNIS COURTING

They strolled into the tennis court on their return from boating,
And there upon the tennis court was done that tennis courting.
What matter if the maid had never seen the game before?
The man vowed he found professional players quite a bore;
And as she held the racket up to hide her blushing face,
Added, "Whate'er you lack in skill you'll make up in grace."
Then he did whisper to himself, "Such sport will not be tame;
'Twill not be bad to win from this fair maiden a love game."

To show her "how," he took the serve, and what was something more,
Because she knew naught of the game, he kindly kept the score.
The game began, and while 'twas never by the wildest chance
She sent him back a ball, she always sent him back a glance,
As "fifteen, thirty, forty, love," fell sweetly on her ear.
Then soon the softer, gentler words, "I've won a love game, dear."
And when in her displeasure she fain in haste would part,
"The conqueror in the love game, dear, may claim the conquered heart."

C. P

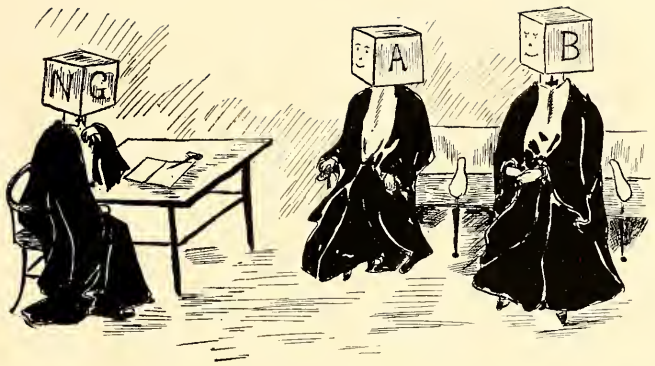
Cotillion Club

LEADER.....SUSIE WARNER
SECOND LEADER.....LUCILE KENT
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....BESSIE RICE

MEMBERS

BESSIE RICE
LUCILE KENT
SUSIE WARNER
FLORENCE PITZER
HARRIET COWLES
NANNIE TURNER
KATE ST. CLAIR
VIRGINIA BOYD
ERSULA BOYD
ESTELLE CRAFFORD
JANIE CRUTE
HENRIETTA WATKINS
ELEANOR WHITE
GEORGIA BRYAN
ALICE PALMER
FRANCES SHELTON
MIRIAM HEARING
ETHEL TRAVILIAN
LUCILE ASHTON
BERTHA DEAL
EULA YOUNG
JANIE JONES

PEARLE HUNDLEY
CARRIE HENDERSON
ETHEL ARVIN
MARY L. POWERS
ELIZABETH BASKERVILLE
CLAUDINE KIZER
LUCY DANIEL
HARRIET HANKINS
KATHERINE VAUGHAN
CARRIE GOODE
SARAH GOODE
CLAUDIA PERKINS
ELOISE HADEN
KATHLEEN PRICE
EMMA KING
ALMA THRAVES
PLASIDIA HUDNALL
ANNA PAXTON
REBECCA WALKER
MARY BALDWIN
MILDRED EVANS
ELLEN PAINTER
LIZZIE JAMES
INEZ CLAREY
ELEANOR ABBIT
ETTA SAMPSON



Dummy Club

PRESIDENT.....FANNIE PERKINS
VICE-PRESIDENT.....RENA ARMSTRONG
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....LUCY CHRISMAN

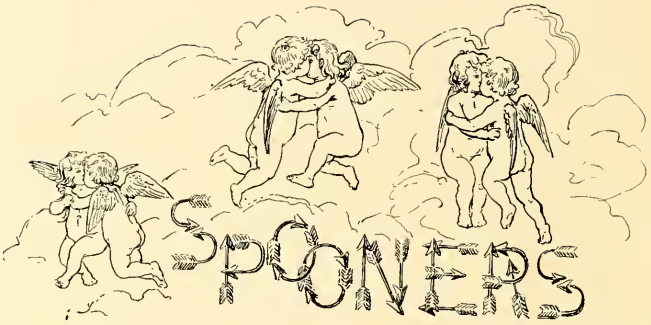
Motto: "Not quality, but quantity."
Password: "Wisdom withers when we withdraw."

MEMBERS

ANNIE DOUGHTY	FANNIE PERKINS	SUSIE WARNER
CARRIE GOODE	RENA ARMSTRONG	GRACE WARREN
LILA DUVAL	KATIE ST. CLAIR	MINNIE TAYLOR
MARY CLARK	CORA COLE	LUCY CHRISMAN
HARRIET HANKINS	ANNA PAXTON	

Honorary Dummies—Faculty.

WHAT THEY MOST NEED.....BRAINS



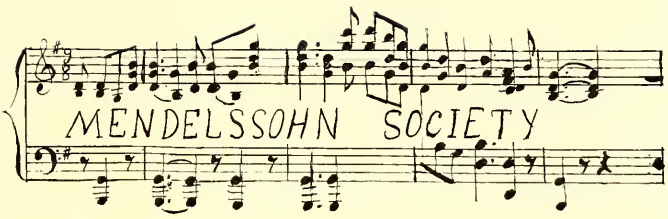
Motto: "We prefer darkness rather than light."
Flower: Tulips (Two-Lips).

Parting Words ..... "We shall meet again in the morning"
Word to intruders ..... "Two is company"
Boulevard promenade ..... Main Hall
Time ..... Just as the lights go out, and any other vacant time
Aim in life ..... To make two hearts beat as one
General method ..... Intertwining of arms

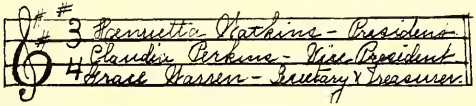
Members

TIGHTEST SQUEEZERS ..... HELEN WINSTON AND B. BLACKMORE
MOST DESPERATE CASE ..... J. SCAGGS AND G. JAMES
FAT AND LEAN SPOONERS ..... B. RICE AND P. HUNDLEY
MOST DEVOTED ..... CAROLINE REX AND E. BASKERVILLE
ALCOVE FREQUENTERS ..... ELLEN BURGESS AND H. CURSEY
CUTEST LITTLE SPOONERS ..... K. PRICE AND E. BOYD
CAMPUS SPOONERS ..... J. JONES AND C. COX
SHORT ACQUAINTANCE SPOONERS ..... W. EARLY AND E. HARTMAN
MOST SENSIBLE SPOONERS ..... B. FAHR AND B. KING

[NOTE.—Officers omitted because of a mutual disagreement of couplets to separate.]



"Music is love in search of a word."—Sidney Lanier.



Honorary Member . . . . . Miss Spilman

Other Members

BYRD KING	BETSEY LEMON	CLAUDIA PERKINS
LUCY RICE	MAMIE WADE	GRACE WARREN
BESSIE STOKES	LUCY McCRAW	LILA DUVAL
CARRIE KYLE	FLORA THOMPSON	SUSIE MUNDY
IDA THOMAS	MARJORIE THOMPSON	MARGARET PALMER
LOTTIE FRAZER	LILLIAN THOMPSON	ALICE PALMER
BLANCHE WHEALTON	HENRIETTA WATKINS	

Caroline Club

The sun of June is beaming,
The summer-time is here;
The grass with dew is gleaming,
The birds are singing clear;
All nature's glad and joyous,
The world in beauty shines,
And throws its brightest halo
O'er our group of Carolines.

PRESIDENT..... .....CAROLINE GOODE

Motto: "One of the name is as good as the same."
Song: "Good morning, Carrie." Flower: Car(rie)nation.

Query—"What *'line* is as essential to the Normal School as the straight line is to geometry?" *Answer*—"Caro*line*, of course!"

ENROLMENT OF MEMBERS

NAME	AGE	ASPIRATION
CAROLINE MARTIN.....	Just sixteen.....	To have a "beau."
CAROLINE REX.....	A subject too delicate to mention	To wear a No. 2 shoe.
CAROLINE HENDERSON.....	Still in her infancy.....	To wear long dresses.
CAROLINE WHITE.....	A maiden, young and giddy	To learn to laugh without smiling.
CAROLINE GOODE.....	Never told in public.....	Matrimony.
CAROLINE MCGEORGE	Older than she seems.....	To look just like sister.
CAROLINE HIX.....	Young for her years	To sing like a nightingale.
CAROLINE SOUTHERLIN.....	She is already *long* in the world; may yet be longer	To instruct the young.

Rain Crow Club

Motto. . . . "Birds of a feather flock together"
Favorite Song
"When the Swallows Homeward Fly"
Place of Meeting
Buzzard Roost Hall
Grand Leader
Highest Brawler
Time Beater. . Slowest Counter
Gatherer of Music
Poorest Judge

Members

Mocking Bird Perry — Bobolink Haden
Whippoorwill Scaggs — Oriole P'Poole
Screech Owl Warner — Sparrow Armstrong
Humming Bird Jones — Jay Bird Deal
Snow Bird Fitchett

Matrimonial Club

Qualifications for Membership

A proper appreciation of mankind; willingness to overlook his imperfections (if any exist); and strength to endure his peculiarities.

1. Mission .....To love
2. Ambition.....To wed
3. Occupation.....Hoping against hope
4. Prospects
   Everything awaits us but a man
5. Flower .....Bachelor's Buttons
6. Colors.....Any that men admire

Song

Listen to our earnest cry,
Oh men! men! men!
Do not coldly pass us by,
For then, then, then,
You will miss our winning ways,
Miss our flattery and praise,
Crush the hopes we ne'er can raise
Again, 'gain, 'gain.

Purpose of presenting this Society to the Public

To attract the attention of masculines.

Members

SALLIE RIVES MORRIS.....Tall, golden-haired, gentle as a dove

SARAH GOODE.....Petite and shy; a maid well worth the winning

JANIE MAY CRUTE.....Made only to love and be loved

EMMA KING.....A royal maiden, serious, true and tender

CLAUDINE KIZER.....Another kingly descendant, worthy the name she bears

CAROLINE REX.....The last of the royal trio, but not the least

PATTIE LOVE JONES.....Her smiling face, dimples and gentle voice bespeak a temperament lovable and gay

LOUISE BASKERVILLE.....Impetuous, but my! how jolly

CARRIE GOODE.....Serene and lovely in body, heart and soul

BESSIE BLACKMORE..At times she appears a Gibson girl, just reproduced in flesh

ELOISE HADEN.....A fairy, fresh from cloudland, come to earth

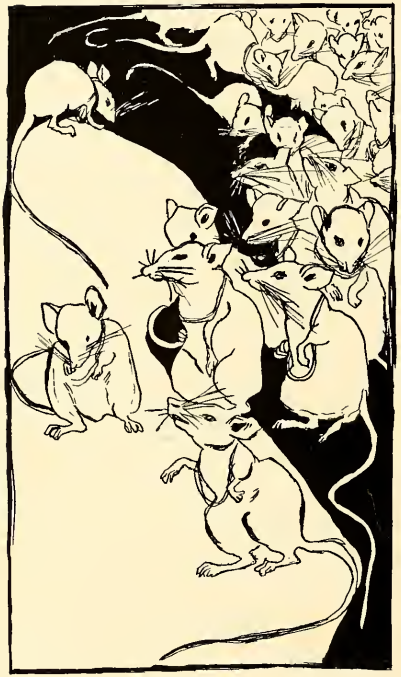
ETHEL ARVIN.....Majestic, yet possessing wondrous charms

———

Shall the possessors of such golden treasures wander on through life alone? Alas! who can tell? It remains with you, oh! men of this day and generation, to grasp (if you can) the opportunity of making one of these priceless jewels your own. Our only requirement is as fair a recommendation as we have presented.

Life is long and man is fleeting,
And our hearts, once stout and brave,
Now in fear and dread are beating,
Go we single to the grave?

Co-educational University for Rodents



Why Established

To afford fine facilities for rat training, and to engender that feeling of love for each other which is conducive to the upbuilding of the race.

Time of Matriculation

1883 A. D.—Fall session of establishment of the Normal School.

Curriculum

Regular university course in manual training, gymnastics, (special course in swimming), vocal culture, painting, culinary department, civil engineering, psychology (special course in dreams), ethics, logic, architecture, pedagogy, sociology, and toxicology.

Divisions of Course

Freshman. — Manual training, including paper cutting, drill-

ing holes, exercise in making beautiful drawn work, handkerchiefs, etc.. Gymnastics

—Simple drill in escaping the cat, exercise in running softly, familiarizing themselves with all parts of the building, race tracks, ladder walls, pantry shelves, etc. Vocal culture—First steps in squealing. Painting—Simple drills in upsetting water on paints, the caudal appendage being used for a brush.

Sophomore. — More advanced gymnastics—footballing with nuts, climbing into bureau drawers, and stealing. Culinary department—Into the flour barrel, special

course in making hash, experiments in tasting fingers. Toxicology—Drills in learning to avoid "rough on rats."

Junior.—Psychology—Watching dreams of young girls by moonlight. Gymnastics—Jumping from bed to bed, from floor to table, racing up stairways, and sliding down banisters. Civil engineering—Tunneling through boxes and walls.

Senior.—Logic—Determining shortest route to pantry, ways of stealing, then escaping, how to avoid traps and broomsticks, and easiest way of clearing a room of young ladies. Higher gymnastics—Cord walking on electric light cords, climbing up walls, swimming in pickle jars, and taking flying rings. Pedagogy—Distinguished seniors instructing young in all sorts of rat craft. Sociology—Final ball, choosing companions and pairing off. Architecture—Building houses.

The Gymnasium

THE word gymnasium is of Greek origin, and is a place, usually a hall, where gymnastic exercises are taken to develop the powers of the body. In ancient times a great deal of attention was paid to gymnastics, and, except the time devoted to letters and music, the boys (for then it was an unheard of thing a woman's taking these exercises) spent all of their time in the gymnasium, where the strictest attention was paid to their moral as well as physical development, and where they also received lectures and talks by the ablest men of the day. The term gymnastics now simply means bodily exercises. These exercises are very beneficial, for the exercise is modified to suit the strength of each individual, and no one is allowed to tax his strength to such an extent as for it to be injurious to him.

Our gymasium is on quite a large scale, and the present director says it is one of the best equiped in which she has ever taught. The apparatus with which we work consists of chest weights for the development of the chest and lungs, dumb-bells for the muscles of the arms and also for the chest, and ladder walls for the chest and different muscles of the body. These exercises are taken in the hall. Encircling this room is the race track where exercises in running are taken.

NANNIE TURNER.

The Jolly Jollies

Greeting: "Ha! ha! ha!"

Motto: "Live easy."

Grand Members

PEARLE GARNETT HUNDLEY . Grand Rat Catcher for Sandwich Department
SUSIE WARE WARNER ..... Key Keeper and Head Watcher
CARRIE DUKE HENDERSON ..... Grand Presider over Ambrosia Bowl
BESSIE DENNIS RICE ..... Chief Duck Killer
ELMER LOUISE CRIGLER
Grand Keeper of "The Old Black Cow" (Milking a Specialty)
Uninvited Guests ..... "Rats"

Yell

Professional Hall! Professional Hall!
Room No. 3, get there, stay there,
Bum five we.

Club Hours ..... From 4 to 6 Sunday afternoon
Colors ..... Chocolate Brown and Ambrosial Yellow
Favorite Expression ..... "Great man, I'm hungry!"
Favorite Topic of Conversation .... Hares(Beryl), Beans, Ducks(Dux), and "Parson"
Favorite Occupation ..... Bumming
Favorite Delicacy ..... Frang pane Tartlets 'a la Rine

Song

[Scene from Faust.]

The Jolly Jollies we,
Five in all, see!
The first of all to come
Is Carrie, feeling bum.

The Jolly Jollies we,
Four, now you see!!
The next to come is Pearl,
That naughty little girl.

The Jolly Jollies we,
All have come but three,
But here she comes, old Bess,
A 'laggin' like the res'.

The Jolly Jollies we.
Wher can the others be?
O! Elmer will surely come.
For she's never been out done.

The Jolly Jollies we,
The last of us you'll see
Is—Who can it be?
Why old Susie, known as "Molly G."

Non-Sleepers' Club

Motto

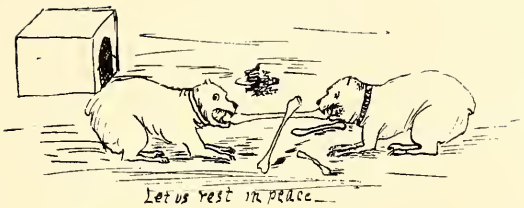
"Late to bed and early to rise
Makes a student unhealthy, but exceedingly wise."

Colors: Candle white and blue (blew). **Favorite Dish: Owl soup.**

Time of first retiring.....When we hear the Matron coming
Time of rising.....As soon as she has said "good-night"
Time of second retiring.....When she has caught us
Chief occupation.....Listening for the Matron's footsteps

Members

A. L. KINZER.....Chief Umbrella Hoister
NEVILLE WATKINS.....Grand Candle Blower
JANIE CRUTE.....Most used up by the habit
ELMER CRIGLER.....Chief Chair Knocker Over
CLAUDIA PERKINS.....First Nodder
GERTRUDE NELSON.....Main Transom Coverer
ESTELLE CRAFFORD.....Loudest Stepper
EMMA KING.....Big Coal Oil Dealer and Lamp Lighter
GEORGIA JAMES.....Most expert at "lying" flat when the Matron comes
ROY ROGERS.....Meekest Member
M. L. POWERS.....Softest Match Striker
JULIA WRIGHT.....Scariest Member



Theta Gamma Club

MOTTO ..... "Do others or they'll do you"
COLORS ..... Red Hot Red and Dreamy Blue
OBJECT ..... To pull the most plums out the pudding

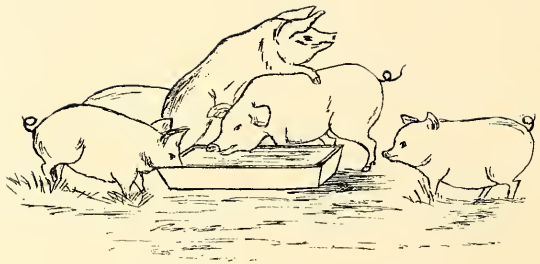
Yell

Theta Gamma, Theta Gamma,
Rah! Rah! Ri!
Root we must! Root we must!
Or die! die! die!

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT ..... Giving toasts
FAVORITE EXPRESSION ..... "It'll all come out in the wash"

Members

ETHEL ARVIN ..... GAMMA
GEORGIA MILES BRYAN ..... THETA GAMMA
KATHARINE THORNTON VAUGHAN ..... DARING THETA GAMMA



The Noisy Nine

Motto: "Look out for No. 1."

Colors: Milk Blue, Tea Gray and Coffee Yellow.

Favorite Occupation.....To giggle, gabble, gobble and git
Highest Ambition.....To be heard above all
Favorite Pastime.....(Table called up!)
Favorite Slang Expression..... "Look right on me"
Favorite Day.....Dessert Day
Favorite Dessert.....Tapioca Pudding(?)
Favorite Beverage.....Muddy water

Favorite Toast

So as good as you are,
And as bad as I am,
I am as good as you are
As bad as I am.

Rivals for Corner rolls.....All
Rivals for Buckwheat Cakes.....Blackmore and Pitzer
Rivals for Boston baked beans.....Hankins and Cowles
Rivals for delicious preparation of cabbage.....Armstrong and Henderson
Rivals for gravy.....Blackiston and Daniel
Our "non rival" girl.....Rose Dexter
Our most popular girl.....One Absent on Dessert Day
Our most unpopular girl.....One who eats the most
Our biggest rivals for telling stories.....Daniel and Cowles

JOKES

Miss D. (*after a final examination in Political Geography in the Senior A Class*) — "O, Elinor, what did you do on the examination?"

Miss W.—"I didn't do a thing! I never heard of but one 'Death Valley' in my life and that was in the 'Twenty-third Psalm'"

Miss D.—(*While eating dessert of "dates."*) — "For once in the history of the Normal School every girl has a 'date.'"

Miss C.—"Yes, and I am going to turn mine down."

Dr. Arnold (*in history—to students of First A Class*)—"Do you know the meaning of A. D.?"

Student—"Its in the morning before dinner."

Dr. Kline (*in History of Pedagogy*)—"Have I omitted any subjects that I gave the class yesterday?"

Student—"You gave the 'Individual versus Society.'"

Miss S.—"You gave also one about whether the individual or society should be educated."

Miss F. (*after receiving her clothes from the laundry marked 150*)—"O, Lila, I have to pay one dollar and fifty cents for my laundry."

Miss B. (*while sweeping her room*)—"I am not going to sweep under the radiator because it is too heavy for me to move."

Miss C. (*at the supper table*)—"Yes, my friend insured the Railroad Co. for $25,000 because he didn't get a telegram in time."

Miss L. (*to her friend*)—"Did you know Miss R—— is sick?"
Miss C. (*looking surprised*)—"Why no, is she?"
Miss L.—"Yes, she must be very sick, for they have taken her to the incubator."

Miss H. (*in a weary tone*)—"Dear me, Grace, please come here and put out the electric light. I have been trying for the past ten minutes to blow it out, but it persists in burning."

Drawing teacher to class—"Now girls, I want you to make a free hand drawing."
Miss Q. (*in giving the lesson to an absent class mate*)—"Miss Coulling says we must make a slight-of-hand drawing."

Mrs. Kline to chemistry class—"Now pass the H_2O through the water and that will be all that is necessary."

Miss C. (*excitedly exclaiming on seeing two Hampden Sidney boys*)—"Oh! girls, here come H_2S boys!"

QUERIES

We want to know,—

1. Why Mattie acts so queerly.
2. Where so many braids come from.
3. How much rent Eleanor White charges for her cape.
4. Where Mary L. Powers got that laugh.
5. If Paderewski taught Cora Scott to play.
6. Where "Cocke" got that walk.
7. If the mummies move in their sarcophagi when "Fatty" sings.
8. Why Miss Coulling doesn't teach Dessie color harmony.
9. How many loves Miss Cheatham has had.
10. To whom Sally M. Rives is engaged.
11. If Peyton Harrison was ever known to smile.
12. To whom Janie Crute refers when she says "mine beau."
13. Why Ethel Arvin has so many beaux.
14. If Mary Leath took lessons from Madame Pompadour.
15. Why Caroline loves Ethel so.
16. Why the rug in front of Pearle Hundley's bureau is worn out.
17. If Alma is still waltzing.
18. Why Harriet Cowles "looks right on the little cupids."
19. Why we all love Emma so.
20. If there is any cure for Eleanor's misery.
21. How long has Harriet Hankins been growing.
22. Why Bertha Deal is so dear.
23. If Lucile and Perkins hen-peck.
24. If Rusie can pitch as "the three" can.
25. Mr. P. would like to know where Lucile got her pretty complexion.

ROASTS

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."—Rena Armstrong.

"Be silent or say something better than silence."—Lucile Kent.

"A little authority makes a small girl great."—Eva Hetterick.

"Up! up! my friend and quit your books,
Or, surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?"
—Mary Peck.

"Good night! Good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That we could say good night till it be tomorrow."
—Jennie Bracey

"She looks as if butter would melt in her mouth-"—Kate Stephens.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast—
But when she sings, none but the deaf have rest."
—Julia Scaggs.

"When the candles are out all girls are fair on—Professional Hall."

"I have often regretted my speech, never my silence."—Mary Broadwater.

"We have been friends together, in sunshine and in shade."
—Ellen Painter and Lizzie Hull.

"Laugh and grow fat."—Bessie Rice.

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."—Mrs. Morrison.

"Her sweet(?) smile haunts me still."—Pattie Love Jones.

"Bearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."—Annie Doughty.

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."—Neville Watkins.

"Oh would I were dead now, or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now and have a good cry."
—Eula Young.

"Love is the beginning, the middle, the end of everything."—Lucille Ashton.

"And still they gaze and still the wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all her nose."
—Carrie Martin.

"More than overshoes in love."—Miss Cheatham.

"With a hairy golden crown on her head."—Carrie Hix.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."—Florence Pitzer.

"Perhaps she'll grow."—Lucy Chrisman.

"Affection, mutual on one side."—E. Trevillian.

"A bright idea struck him—matrimony."—Dr. Kline.

"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."—Ethel Arvin.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."—Harriet Hankins.

"She says nothing in particular; but says it rather well."—Caroline Rex.

"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune."
—Florence Winfield

"A mother's pride, a father's joy."—Emma King.

"Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs,
Was in her voice of sweetness."
—Miss Haines.

"Meals furnish d free of charge."—E. Mahoney.

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."
—Lucy Daniel.

"A model young lady—never late for breakfast."—Susie Warner.

"His bark is worse than his bite."—Dr. Arnold.

"Oh what a laugh!"—Bertha Deal.

"Tu es parvus."—Grace Hurst.

"I sleep; wake me not."—Claudia Perkins.

"God bless our baby."—The Faculty's Baby.

"If it is not disagreeable, I wish to ask a few questions."—Ollie Johnson.

"A lazy, lolling sort, unseen at church."—Mattie Condrey.

"Talk nothing but business, and dispatch that business quickly."—Ethel Cole.

"A tower of strength for the Virginia Normal."—Alma Thraves.

"Where can we find (Mac)aroni?"—Estelle Crawford.

"Get money; still get money, girl, no matter by what means."—Business Manager.

"Scarcely she knew that she was great or fair,
Or wise beyond what other women are,
Or(which is better) knew but never durst compare."
—Carrie Goode.

"So others shall take patience, labor to their heart and hand, from thy hand and thy heart, and thy brave cheer."—Mrs. Thaxton.

"She'll show us how divine a thing a woman may be made."—Miss Woodruff.

THE FAREWELL DAY

The farewell day, like a sad sweet dream,
To our waiting hearts has come,
We hear the call of hill and stream,
And are off for the loved old home.

The friendships formed in the sojourn here,
By the touch of heart with heart,
In after days will grow more dear,
While journeying paths apart.

We leave at duty's sweet command.
These scenes of joyous strife,
And go with fearless souls to stand
The nobler tests of life.

The time here spent will not seem long,
The training hard appear,
We'll make of life a glad sweet song,
And fill the world with cheer.

C. H. Buchanan.

Finis

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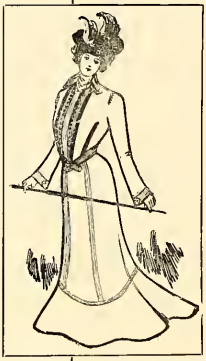

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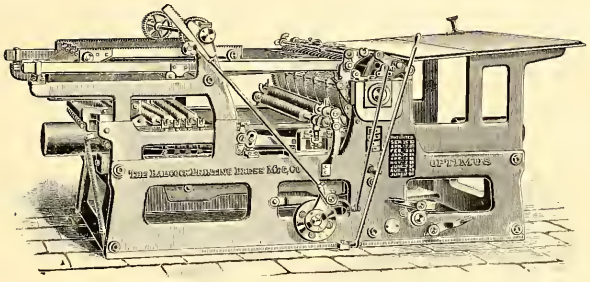

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